











# Poems and Rants

A collection of writings by me written up  
until April 2022.

Enjoy!

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## A Good Friend

Sat to one side  
You cling to your negativity  
Anything good is a ride  
A catastrophe for any opportunity

Carrying baggage  
You sing without purity  
But still you manage  
To survive and cope with adversity

No one can hear you  
Signalling so quietly  
Righteous fury flows through  
Your every action and quality

So one day stop  
And listen to nothing  
No more luggage to cop  
Find some peace in your own belonging

## The Power Of Peacetime

Can we give a moment now to those who died  
Called cowards in their own country.  
More brave than me  
These martyrs for peace  
In a world bent on destruction.

Shot by their own for believing alone  
When war could stop with one word from a despot.  
Now we're standing eye to eye in our enemy's land  
It's a long way to go for salvation.

It seems folly to me that just one man's deeds  
Decides the fate of a nation  
But it's unlucky for them  
We've got peace on our hem  
And will protest war on every occasion.

Belief in ourselves and those in the hell  
Of conflicts far and wide  
To just stop for now would feel good.  
Let's get round the table and eat while we're able  
And we'll look within for the power of peacetime.

2021

## Our Inadequate Hands

My mother taught me to speak.  
My father taught my tone.  
Lessons learned are easily forgotten  
without an environment in which to thrive.

The hourglass trees recycle the atmosphere.  
Sending their roots down as anchors.  
A reminder to balance when stationary.  
Moving is an effort not to be taken for granted.

A struggle in my mind can be repetitive.  
The same thoughts dripping out of my mind.  
Like some sort of water torture  
Or buzzing and ringing at an uncomfortable pitch.

We are responsible for each other.  
For the animals and plants.  
The seas and the skies.  
Suffering, at our inadequate hands.



## Nonsense Block Of Text

Holding neon leopard antlers you zipline across the valley. A calm sky and high cloud watch with the sound of a buzzing aircraft above. A conduit lemon wire around my wrist assesses my conduct. Dark holes in the ground. Holes all around out of which the sound of rain caresses your ears. With the heavy weave of my jute trousers chafing my legs. And the large ostrich egg organ keys in my mind. And the seven godly wounds in the sky. The shining, the bright convex reflection, a grim frown of a bleeding mouth, and an obstacle course designed for a much more fit version of myself. A friend with good hair with a bouncing rubber mallet attack the wooden dowels into their rain filled orifices. A gloomy look from a dice that rolled two. A tall towering tree housing piano keys unlock a sordid door in the ground. A cold fox shivering. A poor construction of a model robot by an amateur hand. Several eyes surprised on the trunk of the tree as the robot walks. The aircraft falls from the sky narrowly missing the mouth below my floating corpse. Awareness returns. Reanimated we see a golden glow enveloping the hills. And the covers of your bed provide sanctuary for you and the fox. A point of light and newly summoned silence. Hovering above the holes the fliers fly and my mind loses it's goblin teeth keyboard. Discordant jazz threatens my friends. Disordered thoughts and a carrion crow sing to them. A wall of sound. The zipline's searing string snaps and falls. As the holes open up. And the tree is felled. And all the lights fade to black. Too many songs madden the mind as she she thinks a new world into life. A easel and a brush. Just water and earth to use as paint. The fox goes swimming in search of fish. The endless becomes a finish line split into two. One

for me and one for you. A spirit seeking shelter occupies your desire. A vacant messenger agog from seeing too much. As twelve pigeons land out of the night sky each carried a rough piece of bark. New lights appear as the air splits in two. The bed crumbles and we both wake up. A sun is born in the sky as the day starts anew. And frequencies of energy connect us with the great fissure. Two wildcats chase the pigeons and then flee our gaze. The robot beeps and flickers white hot sparks. Keeping the earth a glow. With seasons coming and going. And all around us in the know. There's nothing to know here. Where all the dark contains light and all brightness is blunted. A greyscale jelly. A jelly and a tube. Including apparatus for detection. I cannot fathom aeons of authority, a whole lot of passed down belief, manifest as excuses not to ask questions. Sat here the world collapses and sings a last goodbye. Water in a cup ripples at the end. Seventy percent of the sky burns away. Leaving us stuck in a weak atmosphere. A lunge towards the switches out of reach. Cliffs cave in. The seas engulf the land. The sickness spreads. Dissipating a decay from the godly synth in the ever diminishing sky. We renew our pacts and promises amongst this chaos. Compartmentalising and comparing without meaning to. As we go to books on the shelf we start a resistance to lonely ignorance and isolating power. A colossal store of information connects everything until we animals seek retreat. Earthly paintings drip down our skin. Markings of meaning. The mouth begins to talk. As we sit around feeding each other and settle down for the continuation of our stagnant journey on the wet rock we call home amongst the stars and the huge planet sized aliens that outnumber us all quietly and secretly enjoying themselves in the abyss.

## Birthday 34

An overdue lesson my birthday came like a chocolate  
torte

My family my classmates demanding no time for any  
thought

Get the food ready said the dinnerlady to my tired  
self

So focused on this school work I had no time for my  
mental health

Mid life crisis at break time but I'd forgot my packed  
lunch

Celebrating another year with three generations an  
unruly bunch

Take me back in time and I'd drop out all over again

Exams like a shootout but when it's my turn I miss  
my pen

Typing notes on my phone I've forgotten how to  
write

It'll take me 35 years to remember but one day I just  
might

## My Teeth

As the world had closed up I stared into my mouth,  
mirrored forth.

I saw the world opening amongst broken, yellow  
pearls.

Paths revealed themselves in front of me, some  
south, some north.

Unfamiliar and not a crossroads, as such, my hazy  
vision swirled.

The glass holding my toothbrush smashed on the  
floor.

A reverberation of the crash seemed to last forever.

I looked down. Red blood at my feet. A hole opened  
up to the door.

Once imprisoned. Now an escape route of falling and  
landing never.

Is this flight? Surely not fight. More likely fright.

I felt trapped, caught, constrained in this emotional  
hell.

Beyond repair, hoping for a fix, another episode at  
the dentist might.

I used a brush to sweep up the shards. In guilt, shame  
and fear I dwell.

## Undershaed

Over read and over thought; chewed up and thrown out.

Told to a friend but in it goes in one ear and out the other.

“If only you knew him like I know him.” They’d say.

Not possible when it’s just one story for them but an encyclopaedia for you.

## Plain Metal Life

Scratched and worn,  
I wear a coat of guilt.  
It hides my shame.

Pride wilts in greyscale norms,  
Society's potential colour wilts.  
No reason not to choose your own names.

The pandemic's shine is becoming worn.  
The party engine will be at full tilt.  
Dancing alone; no longer my forced aim.

## Holding Time's Hand

You couldn't sleep,  
I wouldn't think.  
All our fears were here,  
We had started to sink.

You were so uncomfortable  
A mouthful of cotton to mend.  
No moment felt finished,  
Gravely gathered at the end.

We held Time's hand,  
We held onto each other.

As we sat this one out  
In the safety cupboard together.  
A stopwatch and a timer  
Couldn't stop it either.

Sound to distraction,  
Calls to the ether,  
Rising tides so far away  
No blip on our meter.

We held Time's hand  
We held onto each other.

## Snooker Qualification

And all the luck in the world wouldn't find you here

All the same things happen every year, I  
hear

Changes come and go but you are always the same

Ideals fluid enough to know who win this frame

A double kiss then pulled off early before the next  
sesh

I couldn't look at you but I still knew you were a mess

The tension mounted all around

Out of position I couldn't bear it when you frowned

I love you.

Is that what I should say?

I don't know what will come of it

But I'll say it anyway



## The Bed

Cold winds blow through my wide open window.

Freezing in this moment; I look and listen.  
You're asleep. Outspoken in your dream.

An electric shiver up my back.

A foot kicks out. A cat climbs on.

Floating uphill I have been taken by the night.

A technicolour sky and bright green grass.  
The tightrope bridge falls and I with it.

The cat jumps down. You've farted.

## Untitled

Alpha had small touch of my cardigan.  
A nice way of saying hello with warmth.  
She was happy to see me that day.  
Walking through halls of an old school.  
A beta test for future studies with some of my  
favourite people.  
My anxiety was high that day.  
Like gamma rays flying straight through me.  
A panic on some stairs.  
Overwhelmed with the attention.  
Her model's features were hidden by her smile.  
It was as wide as a delta.  
Her hair was thin.  
Her heart was not.  
Her blood flowing through me so fast.

Ecstatic empathy explodes and exudes;  
entering everything.

If the quality of our differences outweighs the  
quantity of them we can make a good team.

Since watching the world together we can see the  
same scenes from our different views.

The set will be constructed by us for us. Outward  
looking at the illusions we perceive within.

Two is greater than one over time.  
Encounters may come and go. Together with time on  
our side. We build foundations.  
The only enemy we have is selfishness.

I like to read books slowly. Digesting what I've seen.  
Yours is a book with no end which I can never put  
down.

## Never Forget

How are we so different  
but essentially the same?

How do I care so much  
when I have nothing to gain?

Why did I stay when you  
gave me that pain?

Because you showed me hope in a way  
where it never can wain.

You are a star that will never supernova.  
All I want is your suffering to be over.

We can heal each other and show the world what's  
good.  
And value ourselves and stay alive like people  
should.

Vast universe. Not afraid.

Hard feelings. Gently expose.

Soft inside. Be kind.

Love you. Always.

## Garlic

Close your eyes. Where are you now? Open your eyes. You're somewhere else. If you ever need to refresh; just blink.

A tired voice sounds sexy to some ears. It's ok to be worn out. If you are not feeling sexy time tonight, eat something, get some rest.

A goblin could devour every nerve on your skin and you'll live inside your isolation tank brain forever. Enjoy the fleeting because it's not sticking around. Remember that when you're in the depths of the bog.

Quieten your sense of subjective self. A part that feels like a whole is still a part. And when that black hole inside makes itself known then tell it to swallow the bits you don't like.

Feed others and your brain will be fed. Keep people happy. Provide food, shelter, and an open heart.

## Happy Birthday

Today is a break in the cloud of yesterday's depression and tomorrow's anxiety.

A point of light, almost piercing in its clarity, highlights the gift of the present.

Do not fear this focus; this freedom: It is a vacuum playground for you to fill or observe.

As patterns are set here they can easily be unravelled. In this moment knit together your life as you see fit.

Past loss and future gain are dreams kept either side of your real life. A plain cup that sits between decorated spectres.

These ghosts of prize and pain in years from now and times gone by are with you now only because you have been given the present.

The skill you were born with was to just do things without intention. Use this and yesterday's depression and tomorrow's anxiety will disappear.

## Fork Valley Allotment

Beans climbing up the bamboo canes  
Wigwams reaching for the light  
We could grow if we didn't know your name  
Steady and solid like a tortoise preserving it's might

Houses lined up in the streets  
Each their own universe  
Food tonight provides a treat  
My own recipe for these leftovers it could be worse

Hiding away with my favourite sounds  
Nothing much could be better than this bass  
I found nothing and nothing I have found  
These moments are the greatest gift – they're ace

A colossal foundation for an ideal life  
From the ashes of branded waste  
Self sufficiency and recycled joy frees our strife  
Our wants illusions frequenting at haste

Slowed water but not still  
The ashes can settle  
The feeling of will  
Thoughts wrought by metal  
The ground we cannot refill  
Our wares smash – so brittle  
Trees we kill  
Burn for our kettle

Tea revives our energy unspent  
Groups of believers tell us to repent  
Guilty of the same crimes if not more  
Do we have to tell them the score?  
Time is on our side

## the troubles

one day the pope will be an ai programmed to guide  
us away from sin



## cheese woe

there was an eyelash stuck to my slice of cheese so i  
closed my eyes and ate it

## the lockdown party

announcement. we are having a party at 8pm to join  
you must lie on the floor of a cold dark room alone  
and listen to erik satie gnossienne no 1 on repeat for  
twenty minutes. there is a strict policy of no alcohol  
only lukewarm salt water. dress code is dark. pets  
are mandatory

## Middle Ear Infection

Being deaf on one side doesn't quieten the dialogue in my head.

I must do this but I can't. Why? I don't know I can't do it. I don't want to anyway.

Although, I really need to. I need to so I want to. That's how I work. Except, I don't work do I?

It's annoying because I can only hear half the music. Half the euphoria. All the disquiet.

## Cow

Sometime ago. I came across a fellow. He looked so bright and gay. On that sunny day in May.

It felt so good with him. Somehow we just fit. So I asked his name. He looked at me with disdain.

He said “you are not desirable. I do not want you”. My heart sank. Was this a prank?

“Please, I beg, no.” I cried out to him. He walked out the door. I dried my eyes and looked at the floor.

Several years past. I grew my beard out. Maybe he won’t recognise me now. Maybe he was just a silly cow.

## Some Modern Poetry

we're poets

of course

we don't know what paragraphs are for. i hummed  
along to the same old song – a song for the  
encumbered #instapoet

Holland is not the Netherlands, Colin, what you say  
and what is

are different.

Things.

## AQA

Acceptance.

Observation.

Awareness.

## Reminder

I love you. You are worthwhile and your feelings are valid. You are on a wet rock floating around in outer space hurtling around a ball of burning gas that is in turn flying around billions of others in a mysterious dark matter powered galaxy. That time Donald called you an arsewipe doesn't matter.

Take responsibility for your thoughts and actions. Nothing else is your responsibility. Nothing.

And with that syntax 'nothing' will always look after itself.\*

Access the unlimited potential of the darkest void on a bad a day. Leave your mark and create something because the darkness can't hide the light. And you are, after all, made of energy vibrating at different frequencies experiencing itself subjectively.

Make love to yourself if you have no one else. I know it helps me sleep.

You are going to be ok doing your thing. So do it now. Or if in doubt drink tea.

John

\*syntax error. "Sense" not found/n

## God Awful Poem

Mackerel sky dotted with hungry birds

Deflated poet, pen in hand, running out of words

Fallen seeds sown by the late summer wind

Take sprout next spring lest the birds find



## A Plague Of Humanity

Isolation. Taking pill after pill. Quell the screaming.  
Yet still making myself ill.

Turn your backs. The help is for themselves. The  
darkness that cannot be lit. Not even by the elves.

Systemic failures. Arise in solidarity. But faced with  
walls upon walls. No fall for this city.

Carried to the morgue. In a car with an anonymous  
driver. A symbol of us all. Hope and happiness yet  
neither.

A turn in a walk. Giving up yet pages turn. A book  
can teach a lot. But we will never learn.

2020

## A Meal

I keep my limitations on the surface but I have  
learned to draw upon the unlimited in times of crisis.

That time is now.

I must feed.

## Scattered Ants

Diffused. Our bodies no longer intertwined.  
Breathing without our lungs we just work for the  
colony. Stolen hope. Stolen lives. Stolen Queen.

Carrying a massive twig several times my size. Easily  
I admit but I have no audience to brag to. At least, no  
one who listens. How is time perceived to a lost ant  
finding his way in the world?

We are many. I am few. Alone in a crowd. The same  
cliches trapped in my mind. Going around and  
around and around. What do they want this twig for  
anyway?

Disenfranchised and abandoned. A cold wind is  
simply not felt. We are impervious.

Likeminded support. Are they just as bad as me?

A bunch of lies served to ease the pain. They just  
rewrote history and we forgot our joy. I'm sure in at  
least two late nineties 3D animation feature films.  
You can see me now. Hurting.

## The Ugly Self

Grit spread across the road. Ice falls from the sky. A woman carrying a heavy load. He's stood at home making curry pie.

A thoughtless word. Shrugged off as a joke. Another whisper of discontent heard. So much tea he's feeling woke.

Hypocrisy from the soul. Conflicting needs. An animal within has control. The monster inside silently feeds.

## I'm Raw

Translucent like a glass fish.

Embellished as a plank of wood.

Battered by localised solar wind.

Neutrino holes in my soul.

## Shower Thoughts

Maybe the universe is an infinitely fractal brain cell.

Influence, manipulate, then control. I mustn't tread this maternal path. A pattern of the her life. Repeated and repeated. Until it is herself.

I have low to medium amounts of gorm.  
Self hatred is fake believe.

Drop the ego and vanity. You are the universe's bitch.  
Start behaving like it.

You can't see me because I'm not looking.

I spend my day looking after my none existent children. It is exhausting.

Q. Which Ancient Greek invented a means of transporting large African animals?

A. Hippocrates

## Pandas 2

Collective agony brought together with a symphony  
of fingers and thumbs mashing screens we see.

We're not alone, we can chew on this wood, together.

Nothing happens all at once

so pandas take their time.

Shared experiences and friendly faces,

voices that don't quite fit the words,

and group chats that can last forever.



## The Velvet Trigger

It's forever November. I am hurting. You're my  
medicine and my poison. It's not working.

I cannot remember. The good times had. When the  
sun last rose. Now things are always bad.

The leaves have left. Everything is black. The  
beginning was the end of it all. The emotions I lack.

Something is wrong. I binge but I'm empty. Just a  
bucket wanting to be filled and emptied. Quick fixes  
so tempting.

I don't trust you. But I don't trust myself. I need you  
in my life so much. Is it good for my health?

## The Failure Of Language

What is it?

Fuck, I don't know. I think he's dead... He's dead,  
Sally. He's not breathing.

Sally could hear hyperventilation through her phone.

I've got to phone an... Fuck!

What happened!?

Arghhh... Urgh... Uh... \*thud\*

Peter? Peter! What's going on?

...

Answer me! Are you ok? Fuck. What's happening?

## The Storm

Crashing branches smack against the ground after  
the sky's electric bolt severs the tree in two.

Car alarms are heard, dogs bark, rough pavements  
sink underwater in the precipitation's deluge.

A coffin of pine holds the dearly beloved, the recently  
deceased, the forgotten man. His Alzheimer's his  
parting gift to the ashes for a jar.

The door is shut. I want in. Please listen whilst I  
struggle. I can't find the words to say. I hope my  
presence is enough.

## English Lessons

The cat sat on the mat.

I like cats. They sometimes purr when they are happy.

Cats are my friends because they sometimes sit on me and fall asleep.

Cats like to play and eat treats. Some cats like going outside. They are very clean and wash themselves often.

I love cuddles with cats.

## Stuff

A floor made of bleeding mouths sewn shut by heartstrings. Each footstep a kick in the face. He gets stabbed in a dark alley. 'Oh my spleen!' He cries out as his attacker opens his wings and flies off into the night. A curtain a creek open lets a blade of light shine on to the wall, sending the cats crackers as a car drives past outside. I've had my hole sealed with super glue and I'm desperate to go. Yesterdays cooking is the smell in the air. An hourglass on its side rolls off a table and smashes in to pieces on the ground. A gently sleeping mouse is toyed with and brutally killed by my cat for my benefit.

## Long Distance

You found me lost in a field of snow.

You kept me and took me home to live in your secret drawer.

No longer depressed but I always will be your blue friend.

I made a home in your possession. I had belonging. A buzzing love.

Then you left me and you moved out to be with a real flesh boy.

I am lost in a field of snow.

## Trump, Trotsky, and the Horses

A frostbite wind cuts across the field  
Six horses gallop from one side to the other  
And back. The wind does not relent.  
Seek shelter horses for collapse is upon us.

My main drive has weakened I have not eaten  
My food on the floor. What service is this?  
It is winter and the cold crosses riot within my  
harness and braces tighten.  
A contract to count here and stop there. My food is  
not orange it is silver frozen dew.

A metallic container is my vessel to a unlikely doom.  
Travelling whilst trapped; a hijack of hooves and a  
late delivery of hay.  
I career up the side. Trot my vocation. A lost dream  
in this nation.  
The ice pick in my back is a permanent end to what  
might have been.

Blowing bubbles from my nose.  
An infectious calamity on my back.  
The ruin of all we have. Not the viruses we carry but  
a unhelpful destructive nature.  
The weather is in my mirror this time of year. Why  
the long face?

\*\*\*

This poem was written with a pencil held taut in my  
anus.

## Heartbreak Of Gut Flora

Flora had a feeling in her gut.

Stuck in a rut. She struts and hurts her foot.  
She didn't know what she did feel. Without an even  
keel. She didn't feel he was real.

He wanted to cause an explosion in her life. To cut  
herself free from strife. He wanted her for his wife  
for life.

She left him for another man. Because she can. She  
went in with no plan for Dan.

He had hope. Her heart said nope. He felt like a dope  
and could only just cope.



## Letter To My Present Future Self

Dear Future John,

You have been living in a fleshy husk with some unreliable grey jelly in your head on a wet rock in outer space somewhere in a potentially endless undiscovered universe. More important than that, if you are reading this, you have survived for more than 34 years!

Well done. That's a good achievement. I don't know who you are, or where you are now, but I hope you are doing ok. Whether or not they still label you with Schizoaffective Disorder is beside the point. Life is tough and you're a good way through yours. It's time for a pat on the back.

Writing to you today, I will begin to steer a course towards you, to put in place the groundwork to become you, the person I will talk about below.

You have helped yourself by letting life flow through you like water down a waterfall. Yes, this sounds like impractical, poetic nonsense, so look at it this way. Water stays to the lowest possible path, a bit like a depressed person seemingly unable to climb to a higher mood, but it feeds plants and replenishes the soil around it, like the empathy and experience of a depressed person. It is completely yielding and weak, yet it lifts up rocks and carries branches down stream. This is you, still achieving survival and self care, even helping those around you. So, put in a more straightforward manner, with an open mind you can adapt to changes. You have learned this. You have conquered episodes of depression with acceptance and flexibility. By letting yourself be low,

you can draw upon empathy for others, then help others to improve your self esteem. You have proved this by enjoying being there for your closest friends again and again. By staying to the lowest places you have met people like the heroin addict on the psychiatric ward who taught you about resilience. She taught you against all odds the worst situations are not permanent and can improve. She demonstrated the most immense strength and power to recover and become a loving mother to her child and a dear friend to you and many more. By treating her as an inspiration instead of a lowlife, you have learned from her, you nurtured her and helped her recover. You are the flowing water, John. Continue this practice and you will only grow more comfortable and content.

Learning to listen, to really listen, to focus on only what I can hear at any given time, is a skill I'm working on now. Hopefully if I keep doing it enough you'll be a master by the time you read this. Sensory experiences are often overwhelming. So let's try and make it a skill! A rare gift, even. By simplifying experiences into component chunks and being aware of what they are, you can control your responses to them, and tame the irritation caused. First we do noise, sounds, nature's song, music, and everything the ear likes. Then we can do smells, the residual sweetness of this morning's aftershave, a slightly damp cat, and the musty warmth of the blankets on my settee. By processing and analysing them one by one we can make these skills transferable. First you must finish off with senses with tastes and physical sensations. Then move on to thought, feelings, and behaviours. I believe if I can control my reaction to one thing; I can improve all of them.

Allowing yourself to be caught up in the moment can make you feel like a monster. It's ok to feel things. Let life happen! Your best friend and her Emotional Instability Personality Disorder has taught you how to laugh when you want to cry and cry when you want to laugh, and that that is valid and makes for an attractive personality! You have got the gift of an extraordinary imagination and an extreme emotional bandwidth; use these things, enjoy them while they're there.

Self forgiveness is like taking a shower after a run. It is self care for the mind. I already use what you could pretentiously call 'a dialectical diplomacy with myself'. I argue and debate ideas, thoughts, and therefore feelings and behaviour with myself to process and accept then return a base of unknowing unexpectation. A happy ignorance of letting things be. I would like to expand these practices to my interactions with others. I hope I'll be able to feel more comfortable with the things I do and say. One could argue that will happen naturally with ageing and gaining experience. I don't really know but I hope so. Nevertheless, continue doing your thing. Only worry about your own thoughts and actions. Everything else is out of your control. Resilience is every bad thing that has happened to me can be flipped to show the other side of the coin. It isn't just pain, vulnerability, uncomfortable experiences. It is strength, sensitivity, and flexibility. If you are reading this aged 50, remember how I already have this and how much I am growing through all the ups and downs, hour by hour, day by day.

The further back or forward you look the more uncertain life gets. Try to remember this before beating yourself up for something bad you did once

twenty years ago or worrying you'll die alone, decrepit and lonely. It is not possible to see things from every angle when you only have two eyes in your head.

Put others first. As much as your dreams might crave it at times, you are not the most important thing in the world. Practise compassion, love, and kindness. Forgive mistakes by yourself and others who show remorse and love. Practise simplicity in living, prioritise what is essential to you, live with these concepts, ideas, and things and don't replace them unnecessarily. Humility is important, accept you don't know it all, you will never know it all, and the biggest delights are in the smallest things. Moving forward try to learn how others see me, but ask for feedback from your most trusted friends and family only, there is no need to entertain bitter jealousy from those who don't care about you.

Don't take yourself seriously. You are one of over seven billion humans on this planet, and one of countless more living things, keep that in mind. Don't let your ego want all the things that aren't there. There is no point chasing perfection when you could chase something easy and achieve whatever that is. You can achieve more by lacking ambition and finding value in the things you can already do. That said, achievements aren't everything, if you are happy then surely you have won where others fail every day.

Tomorrow will probably be the same as today so don't put things off. You might feel unable to get things done but jumping to unhelpful conclusions about everyday problems will just slow you down. Try to make a small start on things right now even

though conditions might not be ideal. Encourage yourself to get things done and don't stall or criticise your motives. You've got this, John. Dismiss the excuses. You can do things when you need to and that is worth remembering. Yes, you can feel great anxiety before trying to do something but once you're doing it, it doesn't seem as hard. Tolerate discomfort, life is hard and this is a reality, even if you just do a little bit, you are doing well. When you've got something done, don't stop there, do some more and promise yourself a reward for later.

Value yourself and your self care. Please. This is something you find difficult but if you apply value to the things you find difficult you can use truth as a reason for getting it done.

Never stop running. The high you get is great. Getting out of breath, and I mean really out of breath, it's uncomfortable at first, but it really gets the endorphins flowing and makes you feel unstoppable.

Keep doing things you enjoy. You love making music, painting, walking in nature, writing, reading, cooking, and eating. Use these things to your advantage. There is so much pleasure to be had creating. Don't focus on the end goal, that is of no significance as long as you enjoy the process, just keep putting that paint on the canvas and express all that pent up emotion. You do these things because they are essential to maintaining your mental health. Think of new ways to do things. Don't just draw the same old things, make something different every time, be curious enough to experiment without fear. If you get stuck creatively, call a friend, tell some jokes, have a laugh, forget where you are, listen to the sound of someone's voice and let them inspire you.

Let yourself trust people and trust yourself. Grab the opportunities you have so often missed in the past. Take more risks. Gain confidence, accept compliments, yes, it IS possible for people to see you differently to how you see yourself. Do it all. Live for love. Live for heartbreak. Live for life.

Get a job when you feel ready, maybe be a postman, walking, mostly by yourself, it'd be perfect. Consider getting experience as a support worker, you have been in the mental health system for years, you know the system inside out and have more than enough empathy and love to help others start the journey you are on.

Education is a lifelong pursuit. Until free tuition fees are a thing and you feel like university, don't forget you can follow your desire for learning right now, read, listen, and learn. Be brave enough to read opinions of people you don't agree with. Understanding different perspectives is vital for gaining wisdom and creativity.

You might not have achieved all your goals or even shared many of them here but that's ok. I hope future me looks back and feels ok with the guy writing this letter and myself throughout the past. Whoever you are. Whoever I become. I wish you all the best, lots of hope, much love, and the ability to cope.

If you can, do all of these things. You are well on your way. Stay on that way and I'll be proud of you. Of me. My future self.

## The Clock

What could I say?  
She let the clock do the talking.  
I can't listen to the tick.  
Desperate to hear words

My mind won't click into gear.  
Cogs turning  
Racing thoughts  
Subdued response.

I ask myself what I want to say.  
Metronomic, predictable  
My mind isn't that.  
Constant chaos. Fire leaks through me.

I hope you are well.  
And I do  
But is it enough  
Does it really matter?

Hope is the water that calms my fire.  
Ticking is my enemy that winds me up.

## Fate Is Fickle

Everything is changing.  
Nothing is certain.  
So  
I'll 'hmmm' like the Witcher  
Because isn't life a bitcha?

If you turn to stone  
You'll get weathered and old.  
But if you flow like water  
Your youth will never falter.

Destiny is waiting  
For you to grab the reins  
So I ask you my dear,  
Please keep me near.



## Crocodile With Curly Hair

She's fierce.  
Set in her ways.  
Knows exactly how she likes things.  
And has fantastic taste in music.

The crocodile with curly hair is an amazing creature.  
Unique in her outlook; she is quite friendly once she's comfortable.

There's an entire universe in her head.  
In that vast space lives a young cat.  
With her nearest and dearest; she is loved by everyone.  
Quiet, but caring, she can snap at those less understanding.

Be careful crocodile. Your teeth are sharp and strong.  
You might just eat everything and everyone!

So I remember this rhyme:

Crocodile with her cat in space.

Will always beat you at cards.  
She has up her sleeve an ace.  
If that doesn't work she'll fire a laser from mars!

## Use Lemons

I wonder what you are doing. Are you feeling good?  
I hope you have a smile on your face. Are you at  
ease?  
Call me in the night and tell me everything.  
I don't want to just live for myself.

Lemon rind. Lemon juice. Slices for drinks. Seeds for  
a new tree. Don't waste your time.

There's nothing better I'd rather do. Than spend my  
time talking to you.  
Watch the waves roll in on a moonlit summer night.  
Breathe in; breathe out.  
'Sharing is caring' I now say. Instead of 'You will be  
the death of me'.  
I have learned this and that. I actually learned most  
of it from my cat.

## She Would Be A Bad Idea

Do you believe in the things you can't see, feel, touch, taste, or hear?

Have you ever had a conversation with the wind only for your words to be blown back in your face?

Confusion and disillusion. Is this from my mood or my past?

You don't understand anything about me. You're in for a shock.

How can I speak sentences when you acknowledge my every word?

I get it you are listening. So why is taking an interest so one sided?

When I sleep you seem more interesting but you're so anonymous I miss you even when you are there.

## Fragments

Before we lost it all we had everything but each other.

I hope you can heal and not make the same mistakes twice.

I wanted you to be mine for forever but you assumed I did not.

Yes, you learned I am not perfect. Now you have moved on. Ask him before assuming.

\* \* \*

I can't write. I wish I could write. I don't want to write. I don't need to write. I can put a smile on someone's face.

\* \* \*

A flicker from a candle.  
Steam rising from a mug.  
A cold evening with no heating.  
I'm not doing everything I should.

\* \* \*

Experience from my fleshy brain doesn't matter.  
Material. Numb. Medicated and subdued.  
People are afraid of me. People hate my labels.  
I cannot convince them all.  
Universal consciousness abandoned.

\* \* \*

Typing on my laptop makes a rhythmic beat on my keyboard. Exquisite, until I need a word I can't spell.

## North Wind

Lets blow our North wind on those in the capital  
enjoying the fruits of our labour.

We can defeat corruption with solidarity, unity, and  
fairness.

Educate the masses to the hypocrisy of the ruling  
class.

Channel this anger into kindness and causes that  
cease suffering.

## Cow Sick

She wants to run away  
Into a strangers arms  
Weaponised love; accepted

Her parents don't care  
Grandparents say she can cook  
That's her pitch

What will happen once you arrive  
Lost and stranded  
Strange land; distant people

She does it because she will care  
Barely an adult; thin promise  
A hope of better quality of life

Cut paper; cut fingers  
Blood on her letters  
She's lost control; the words are empty

She wants an empty suit  
A man who works  
A leaf on the tallest tree

Promises, promises  
What is she after  
She doesn't know; she knows that much

Do you believe in radical acceptance?  
No?  
Oh.  
Well think about it. It could help.

The world will be out to get you wherever you run.  
You cannot hide from yourself. Where can you go to  
seek shelter from pain? Within. In peace. In constant  
love. Conceptual romance. No bonds or knots. Alone  
or together. You will be fine. You will be at rest.

## Foul Hole Bog

Ghoul under my skin  
Tell her my secrets  
Make me question everything

Ol' time radio 1998  
Worn out side B  
Digital watch never ticks

Fuck me sideways  
I've forgotten my glasses  
Lost resting on my head

I let you out  
When I shout to you  
I say nothing

I keep my mouth shut  
Stapled; filed away  
Along with the false and fragile

Agonising about the future  
I feel pain in my shoulder  
No sleep ever again

I slept well  
Last night I sewed  
Embroidering life lessons

Scarf face mask  
I will not steal  
Closed shop. Too much wind.



## This Miserable Virus

Walls and mazes  
dead ends  
forgotten beginnings

Just let me  
finish licking my fur  
Then feed me

Petal in a book  
sacrificed  
for future reference

Give me a smile  
not mine to receive  
a delicate frown

Saved from myself  
by myself  
alone

Patient picnic  
the same meal  
yesterday's best moment

With a friend  
time passes  
quick to react

Weight  
gain and loss  
seek balance

Playing a game  
holding aces  
never letting go

## Rain

Comatose hair  
Frazzled ember  
Fire red  
Burning November  
rain.

Blood drops  
You hold it in a dream  
With a cry  
A stifled suppressed scream  
silently.

Year of the pig  
The cleverest beast  
No future is clear  
Even looking east  
sunrise.

Mountain top  
Isn't my body  
Not good enough  
Feeling myself shoddy  
workmanship.

Grasped chance  
Lost ruins  
Opportunity knocks  
Wait ten mins  
later.

Honest broker  
Keep in touch  
Doesn't understand  
Isn't much  
use.

Forgotten memories  
Already missing  
I'll write them down  
Still pissing  
rain.

## What Will We Do?

A rainbow opposite the sun as the rain patters down  
on my yellow coat.

As I splash through the puddles rings erupt radiating  
from the drop's root.

A brown tree drinks silently in this weather its  
inhabitants shelter, mostly, from the damp.

The purple plastic pollution that litters the ground  
looks like a human horror show.

We will wake the mammoths from the permafrost.  
The lakes will rise from the glaciers. The oceans will  
grow eroding all before them. Youth will suffer. Their  
children will suffer more. Will we do nothing?

Let's drown our hatred and anger.

Seeing red mist float above the ever swelling sea.

No fish left. A bluebottle flies over plastic soup.

Let's get in the water and swim for our lives.

Equality further away. Social division. Maths ignored  
at school; replaced by patriotism. Debt ever  
increasing. The few are taking control. Support is  
falling apart and our health is taken for granted. Will  
we do nothing?

Watching the world from your white house on the  
hill.

We hate you and all you stand for.

Wet from your ignorant spew we can turn you green.

A change from the orange burn of your hostile  
heated hatred.

What will we do?

## Relationship Autopsy

A ghost in my left hand. Air in my right.

A fight for my mind starts and lasts all night.

Why should I do this? I don't have to do that?

A cat gently breathing. Waking up. Emergency lick of it's leg! Back to sleep.

I'm sorry if it seemed I didn't care.

I really did. I just didn't know I had to lick my leg.

I have new plans but I miss you.

## A Light Is On In The Bedroom

A boy watches silhouettes walk around the neighbour's house.

The light's on in the bedroom. Are they alone tonight? Or tomorrow or any given night this week?

Night windows show the post declutter calm. A sad anticlimax and an empty room. Lonely footsteps back and forth. A wait of the modern age.

They don't care if they don't reply. He can't see the tears landing on their phone. Waiting for a message while they sleep. It is folly.

## Who Am I?

In the past I have been described as all these things  
by friends, lovers, relatives etc.

Pure evil

A gift to womankind

Creepy and weird

A god amongst men

Pathetic loser

Really strange

The most genuine man alive

Cunt

Prick

Dickhead

It's a mixed bag

## A Reflective Rant

When noisy adoration turns to quiet respect, what can I do except try not to repeat old bad habits, accept what I have and make the best of it. I'm in a good place despite feeling loss and melancholy. There is something to be said for being alone and happy, even if have the company of my cat, I should appreciate what I have achieved to feel this contentment. It is a great standpoint to fight any unwanted thoughts.

Emotions that were nurtured by a significant other can easily unravel when they have left. There is an argument that God has left us at the big bang or whatever happened back then. Is she dead? Is she bitter and ignorant ? It is of no consequence. Look after what we still have left of that creation and create for ourselves.

Love is from nowhere and if any potential higher power can use it so can we. Plucked from the abyss like a hair from my never ending eyebrows. What is it that smells so good. Something that satiates our satisfaction for life. Petrichor after a summer shower. Or rotting leaf mold in the crispy autumn calm. It's all worth appreciating.

What the fuck am I talking about? I may be uttering pretentious high powered nonsense but I'm just clearing my throat.



## You (Me)

You cannot block the flow of life.

You can regulate it or change it's future course.

You cannot change where it has been.

You can choose to focus on the bits you really like.

## A Lonely Creep

I can form ideas but cannot express them.

Conceptual secrets I want to share.

I invite you to my lair.

Absorb all my creativity.

Feed from me. Feed from me.

## Christ's Emotional Instability

The crucifying pain I carry in my head.  
I'd smash it against stone walls until I drop down  
dead.  
The pulsating murder of horror in my brain.  
If only it would drown; deep in never ending rain.

I cannot walk. I cannot see.  
Humanity's hatred rules do not dare blame me.  
I cannot hear. I cannot pee.  
I'm fit to burst with rage; unforgivingly.

I want to die.  
I can't continue.  
My mind has gone.  
My rotting organs, a congregated retinue.

Let me go. I cannot wait.  
My hatred burns all my mates.  
I ruin everything. Don't let me go.  
I need you more than you know.

## **A Lovely, Fluffy, Fuzzy Dream**

What whispers do you hear in the wind?  
When your mind withers and you are just a bag of  
meat.  
An object of lust for envied eyes.  
Or a welcome companion to a loved one.

Horses canter through the field.  
Playful nights and days in the elements.  
Cold in the outside setting sun.  
Moving brings health and warmth to those who  
come.

Such a lovely place.  
On a hill with trees, bracken and heather.  
Lone cow wanders.  
Such solitude is healing.

Shared adventures postponed.  
Lives split and shared more thin.  
A calloused finger runs down my chest.  
I don't recognise this touch.

What is darkness to those lost in the wilderness.  
A habitable home full of comfort and hope.  
We survive here.  
A solace of familiar weather.

Home at last.

Until we all inevitably die, alone, suffering in the  
tremendous agony of what feels like an wasted  
eternity.\*

\*Added for a friend who prefers a sad ending.

## Sand

Time falls through my hands  
Sand on floor  
By the door  
On the scratched stone tiles.

Never coming nor going  
The circular bus  
Drives on a round route  
Serving as many streets as possible.

Never ending or beginning  
What really is space?  
What is brain activity?  
A switch to be flicked on or off.

A journey of recovery  
Doesn't take time  
It never ends  
It is time.

## Raindrops In My Head

This is to be read in your head  
Or appreciated in bed.  
Like a flood of information  
from every nation  
For your brain to be fed.

I don't want to move.  
My situation won't improve.  
Lying here will rest my brain  
not moving an inch just listening to the rain.  
There's always something out there to sooth.

Sooth your arse as it gets rubbed with steel wool!\*

\*Added for a friend who prefers a sad ending.

## Voice Of The Abyss

The faceless voice that follows me around.

It is the nameless power that fills everything.

An anchor that roots me to my upbringing, to the places I lived, where I survived.

I want to share it with you.

## Palindrome

How did this story unfold, let me tell you...

A pal in Rome took me swimming, she said she liked  
to be afloat, gliding with the current.

Now in the depths of the river; water flows lowly and  
in this place it was lifting us softly.  
Neither strong nor solid life's liquid fed the luscious  
growth on the river bank.

As we swam, it occurred to us that water is the  
universal solvent, wearing away at everything it  
meets.

How we laughed after our day; laughter bubbled up  
spontaneously like a hillside spring.



## Drown

Ice struck hard. Cracked mirror melts. Sea levels rise.  
We all drown.

\*\*\*

What could happen between us. If we could watch  
the tide. If waves would roll over us. If we would  
never die.

Some people live on stilts, knocked over by the  
breeze, the lapping sea gently lilt, as we fall to our  
knees.

Not one of us is in control. Never acting out our  
intent. Don't worry for what you can't control. Your  
iron will is still there hell bent.

## Trees

Planted by squirrels, we march to life's whistle

Together in mud, we tower above

Spring bulbs below and birds in our hair

We all have some bark but make no sound in the air

What goes on beneath anchors our feet

We bind the land is how we play our hand

Leave us breathing well and oxygen we will sell

For we are the trees that build your society's deeds

## Hazel

Three lifetimes ago I was born.

I came from a strong nut, one of many, my mother groaned as I fell from her grip.

My name is Hazel and I am 200 years old. I live by the water's edge, where I drink and swim, stability my pledge.

I feel my dear old Russell run his presence through my hair, day to day, a familiar face of nature's affection.

Seasons come like a day night cycle.

Polly rides past on her bike and stops by me for some shade, deserved mind, she just isn't fabulous yet, dahrling.

I will feed and shelter until my day is done, be it lightning or blight, my day will come.

Observing the woodland is a hobby of mine, we tend to it's upkeep, bird's homes combined.

When I was young I didn't know myself but was full of potential. When I was mature I peaked with doubt but was rash to show my strength. Now I am old I know all that matters and what happens, happens. You are the Lily in the pond and I am Hazel in your reflection. Treat me well and I will reward you.

## Small Hope

Amid pandemics, corrupt governments, mass inequality, mass poverty, mass fear, unprecedented climate change and ecological damage. There is still hope and there is still love...

That's what I'm living for

## The Strength Of Water

The cow stood alone, crunching on the cud, one field away from beach.

Dividing the field from the beach were wind carved dunes; obscuring the sea from view.

The sound was immense. Crash after crash.

The cow didn't know what it was. It came again and again. Like the never ending tide of love between two lovers exploring what they could be.

The grass was long enough to rasp a quiet rustle in the breeze. The cattle's table spread. Yet there was only the cow around. Night rolled in. Thunder struck.

As the rain fell the cow sought refuge in a rocky cave by the lake at the top of the field. Only to discover an inhabitant was already there. A weight was lifted from the cow's heart at the site of a bull.

The bull was neither young or old, he was in his prime, not extraordinary, not plain, he was unremarkable. The bull stood next to the cow in silence for some time until the rain stopped.

An almighty torrent came from the back of the cave. Both the cow and the bull were swept up in the water. The lake had burst its banks. They clung to each other for dear life, carried along towards the dunes and the beach, they were dropped, wet to the bone, to the sands of the beach.

The cow mooed at the sight of the waves, seeing what caused crashing sound for the first time was a revelation. It felt like her brain was alive with discovery. The bull stood and gently put his head next to the cow's as they watched the sun come up over the roaring sea.

Water fills every empty gap. It is the universal solvent. It always seeks the lowest places to lift us up. Natures bounty bringing the cattle together.

## Show Off

Flexing my self worth to my friend showing off 15  
years of momentos.

I've never had a time when inspiration don't stop the  
flows.

When I walk down the street, I don't turn heads, I  
turn hearts.

So polite and so kind you'll never to smell the odour  
of my farts.

I laugh and I joke but am real when you want me to  
listen.

And if you look me in the face you'll notice my eyes  
always glisten.

Be real to me, I'll reward you with your dreams,  
that's a given.

When we touch and you go; you'll always wonder  
what you are missin'.

Ok, so maybe I don't believe this but you can fill the  
emptiness inside.

So, be true to yourself and live your best life on the  
outside.

## Ex Musings

Does the sun make a noise?  
I can only but wonder as her silence speaks volumes.  
Broken promises and a broken mind.  
There is no fixing but we continue living.

Hush. I hear rain. I hear the onset of autumnal hope.  
A cool breeze makes a warm hum on the window  
pane.  
Traffic planing on lying water on the road.  
A whoosh of joy as memories warm my heart.

The same horizon; the same place.  
Things are somehow different.  
A catalogue of comfort is no help.  
Too different. Too unknown.

A carrot can be a treat for a hungry deer.  
What I'd give to hear from the trees.  
Living a slow life, perfectly still.  
I can only be ponder what life has in store.

Living young is full of strength and unknowns.  
Maturity brings adventure and misplaced  
confidence.  
Old age brings acceptance and certainty.  
I feel old before my time.

Sleeping aged 15 in a room full of heroin addicts.  
I can appreciate the kindness of the inn keeper.  
The night before in the cells did me no good.  
A life of deserved mistrust for those in authority.



Fast forward eighteen years and I walk past the  
shops.  
Police racially profile black children for a stop and  
search.  
I walk slowly so they know I'll be their witness.  
We cannot let our friends live with this injustice.

Gathering bilberries on the moors is therapeutic.  
A small handful may take five minutes to pick.  
A five second chew, an explosion of juice and flavour,  
they are gone.  
Time well spent.

## My Disabled Heart

Why did her words mean so much to me?

– Were they empty?

How do I fall out of love?

– Do I really want to?

When will I feel like this about someone again?

– How will I trust them?

When will this pain ease?

Is she in any pain?

Let's forgive each other and forgive ourselves and  
live our best lives.

## Unnoticed Potential

I feel like a Nissan Micra with a Ferrari engine stuck on a 20mph road.

If I start I'll be stopped and if I stop no one will notice.

Playing with the constraints of my mind.

I can keep hope but it seems only of use to spread.

## A Damaged Cord

hold on to cords of my dream.

Fraying fabric felt through my fingers.

I'm holding tight but gently to the memories.

As to not to sever the bonds.

But they cannot compete with reality.

A dream is a dream. Nothing more.

Yes, dreams can be real, and it was.

I need to repair and make new cords.

Healing my connections to the outside.

## Lovelost Poet

I will fly my kite atop the heather filled heath. The wind will blow my fear across continents. And turn it to love. The thrill of suspending reality in the sky.

My home is where I am happiest but I get lost here. I know the moors like the lines on my hand, yet the wilderness is no home for love.

Transformation exists in every element. Change in every concept. Doubt cannot trap truths that might tear us apart but it keeps us safe. Safe in our homes where nothing can be permanently wrong.

## Happy Birthday Rosie!

Everything gets better when you're 30  
You can stop worrying about things out of your  
control  
Anxiety is less when you're 30  
You'll feel like things are easier to accept

Now that you're 30 you don't have to be 'cool'  
anymore  
No one will care if you don't know the score, for sure

Your friends will still love you when you're 30  
You can stop worrying about things out of your  
control  
Pain will subside when you're 30  
You'll find everything easier. That's all.  
Now that you're 30 you don't have to be 'cool'  
anymore  
No one will care if you don't know the score, for sure

## The Dust Hare

Everything is particles and waves: Energy. Dust.

A conscious thrust. A conscious thrust.

The dust hare kicks its legs and forces are transferred.

The pull between us is what it preferred.

Thank you Dust Hare for working in mysterious ways.

You keep the sun burning, even at night.  
If anyone sees you they are in for a fright.  
For you are beyond comprehension, these words not  
enough, to describe your beauty, to talk about your  
dust.

## Adjustments

I need to adjust how I see you.

You came to me with love.

I've never been loved like that.

Now it's gone, or on hold, or changing.

I hope this is just act two.

There are things I haven't said.

Things I haven't done.

Maybe I should look for someone else too. It will not be the same. That scares me.



## Dodging Sexy Bullets

C'mon! Why do you keep sparing my life?

None of you are that bad. Let me live for once!

## This Is My Life

I'm powered by tea.

Fallen dreams and new realities.

Corruption and lies is not exclusive to governments.

I hold my head high.

A new caffeine start.

Self care is my priority now.

This fleshy husk on a rock in space needs a shower  
and a walk.

I will always take a new leaf over the ending of the  
book.

## In Her Shoes

The slow burn of a heartbreak injection  
Injected first thing this morning  
Fight or flight was truly tested  
A heavy weight of pain hangs around my chest  
I must let myself love again  
Rebel against the fear and doubt  
I'll choke up getting ready for bed  
Using help to shut my eyes  
Closed doors in an empty house  
A fresh breeze awakens my face  
A few days sleep needed for self care  
I may have administered it myself in her shoes  
Alas, a healthy dose of pain may just be what I  
needed

## Fs In The Chat

I looked down at his cold dead face. It was tilted slightly to one side; up against a lumpy plain white pillow. It was not the first time I had seen him in make up but this blushing powder pink was not his style. I didn't want to stop looking at him knowing this would be the last time I could see him with my eyes. Thinking about the last time I saw him alive I felt a prolonged pang settling in my gut. Tears welled up in the corners of my eyes causing me to blink. A long, slow, heavy blink. For a moment he was gone. It hadn't dawned on at that point that this would be the norm. As darkness set in with clouds blocking the little light that was seeping into the room; my consciousness returned to the moment, hearing a sudden muffled shriek from a relative, I turned quickly, not really knowing what to do, I looked back me at the queue of mourners waiting behind me and uttered a gentle "F" under my breath and walked onwards towards my seat.

## Memory Of A New Start

Petals fall. Seeds drop. Leaves loosen.

New growth is still some way off.  
A forgotten celebration of life in the distance,  
springing forth like laughter from the diaphragm.  
Until then, winds rise.

Discomfort. Aching muscles and tired eyes dried by  
the breeze. Columns of light cascade through the  
window, occasionally, when the sun manages to poke  
through.

A fireplace stoked while music plays. Folks well fed  
and drinks flowing free. There is still cheer in the air  
where there is water and warmth, where the  
memory of new lives is fresh.

A roof over our head, we clothe ourselves in autumn  
colours, waiting for the next thing to break and be  
fixed. Creature comforts from little routines keep us  
going. And listening.

## Lost In The Moment

Staring into space somewhere in front of your eyes I  
give an extinguished sigh. A stifled noise. One  
moment in time. Forgotten.

This happened but won't be remembered. Following  
the glazed look was a spark of life. Face muscles  
contracting commitment to a smile.

An out of place hair on your brow brushed away by a  
fingertip's gentle touch. I looked at the strand and  
placed it alone in your palm. I learned forward.  
Silence. Before I received a kiss so pleasant it will  
stay with me forever.

This hasn't happened yet, but when it does, I'll  
remind you that I love you.

## The Old Boat By The Sea

I take my old boat 'Ася' down the Serpentine River.

She's a glorious craft. She'll do for a lifetime.

The water laps and whirls around her freshly oiled rear. I duck a branch to live another day.

Safe surrounded by her streamlines. A temple on holy ground. Security.

The ebbs and flows as we stay the night in the estuary. Bobbing up and down. A lifetime at sea awaits.

## Five One Nine Two

Snow has fallen

Songs are sung

Party games

Festive fun

Bellies full

Cheer is won

Fire is warm

Play the drum

Dance til dawn

Tell your pun

Laugh all night

Tomorrow rerun



## Let Me Out

Frying fat sizzled sound ears pop.

Jelly wobbles worse sugar sweet burst spot.

Often colours blend and swirl mix up make a new one.

Simple sayings sickly sink into deep thoughts all gone.

Purple picnic mountain side rain is here.

Hide the food mood has dropped take me home.

Sometimes squirrels eat our crumbs in the sun shone.

Now we're home weather fine itchy John.

## Good For You

How much food can you eat while someone else is starving?

How much can you sleep at night while someone else has no home?

How much can you cope with your friends while someone else is being beaten?

How much can you do in a day when a supercomputer could do it in a second?

How far can you run while someone drives on past?

How do you breathe with all the pollution in the air?

Why do you do these things?

Do you enjoy them?

## Plucked Before Time

Dense, fine hairs on a leaf like fur.

He purrs until I pluck him off the tree to put in my book.

Saved or sacrificed? He lives with the letters I sent to this page.

A message just to say that all leaves fall eventually.

But don't worry, they'll soon spring back.

## Spears And Needles

Nettle tea.

Give me iron.

# Steam my engine.

# Rocket to the moon.

Riding my cognition cycle.

Beetroot and sour cream.

Warm and wet.

I fall off my bike and tear up my knee.

[illegible]

Put down the book. Get back on.

## How'd You Like Them Clichés?

I'm tired of all this sunny weather. Give me perpetual autumn. Cozy nights wrapped up in thick jumpers next to warm fires. The movement of falling leaves. The cold breeze against my face. The washing up a treat for my hands after eating some comforts.

A fallen star is just some grit to harden my chicken's egg shell.

A positive move. Just smile more.

Just smile more. It'll make you happier.

Smile more. It'll please them.

Smile or forget.

Brain fog.

Nothing is forgotten because it was never remembered. Not truly.

...give me strength.

## Feeding Friends

I feed you food in hope that you produce compassion  
if not empathy.

May hope be a by product of staying alive.

May staying alive be easy and of value.

May ease come to you as an instinct.

May your instincts be kind.

## Five One Nine

They let their intelligence detach from their sense of helping others and helping themselves. Their needs and reactions.

If you lose yourself in knowledge you must first build yourself up without knowing anything.

I sink lower into my chair. Both slouched and hunched. Uncomfortable but listless. Aggrieved, I listen.

It sounds correct in their example context. Yet I apply this to things unexpected and I cannot react. It would seem like wisdom to seek the truth but how can they see it with eyes closed. I cannot react. I am lost.

Washed ashore with the driftwood I look for patterns. Repetition. Things to get used to. Things I can cope with. Trust in virtue. Trust in self. Be disobedient. Disregard all you know in the moments it gets too much. In the moments you need to.

The war of semantics in my thoughts can be tamed with acceptance. Temporary as it may be. It is a machine. It needs maintenance.

Putting square bricks in round holes, no longer. I can fly. I am abreeze the clouds. Lifted.

We seem to pick up those still afloat. Let's do this.

Ignore it now and eat some chocolate.

There are bellies to fill. A tiger on a wall. Fire risen from the wood. A roar of thunder. A torrential

downpour. Feeling shaped from thought. Not from  
knowledge. Survival.



## Autumnism Plague

The pages turn as the trees shake off old growth.

A quiet melody plays whilst she reads by the fire.

The plates are full. The cheer is here.

In this moment we have no fear.

October nights glow in our memories with smells  
reminiscent of smoke and warmth.

When the nights are cold and strange and all the pets  
sleep on, and all the light has gone out and we go to  
dream new songs.

I'll think about the time you stayed with me and kept  
me as your own.

## Ghosts

I am just a ghost in a 'morbid dreamland' but this is where we congregate now.

This is how we meet up and provide each other with the help we need.

My imagination will help power yours and yours will help power mine.

Let yourself drift.

Slide down every watery path until you reach the sea.

You can overcome everything you need to.  
The sun and moon will glisten and the darkness will contain.

Books will expand the world if you are a prisoner.  
Food will contract it. Use them well.

The rules are simple but best forgotten.  
Welcome.

## The French Connection

The garlic sellers hands had an all day smell.

Stale from yesterday when the garlic sold well.

The hands were large.

Fat fingers like sausages.

Her date for the night was a crêpe suzette.

He said your scent is great come sit on my baguette.

## My Dream Of Your Dream

Softly the feather cushion supports your skin.  
Naked on the settee, free, otherwise not concerned.  
A patterned patchwork dream in your head.  
You want to act it out in 4K HDR colour before you're  
dead.

Pretence and arrogance.

Often your day is long and you are tired.  
There is housework to do and everything is  
unattractive.  
What falls eventually rises again but not tonight.  
Fuck that.  
Something soft is still relatively hard because I can't  
do it. Shit.

## Secondary Dream

If the grass grows  
on your toes  
re-evaluate  
if you should move

## A Plaice In Mind

There is often a case of caution with plaice. Leave this fish be in the ocean. A hazardous race of engines at pace is done by the boat as precaution.

But a potion is drunk by the sailors who stunk of fish kept in ice like lotion. It comprised of rum and felt like fun but sleep became their eventual notion.

Furious rage woke from drunken haze as the night turned to day and all the fish swept over. No luck, no clover, the drunken seaman went over as the seas demanded attention.

The trawler was ruined. The seagulls were stewing their plaice with salt water and kelp. The fishermen died without help and the shorter straw was drawn by the fish and the men who passed with a yelp.

The sea calmed it's waves and said goodbye to the days where boats would claim it's bounty. The wind had dropped. All the corks had been popped by nature who never would die.

So goes the story of catching plaice and men snoring drunkenly into the night. Their vessel had failed because they drank too much ale. Natures debt was dealt without commotion.

And so this tale is sung as warning old and young to people at this charity. Don't be greedy, reward the needy, and the world will find it's own parity.

## The Centre And The Periphery

The periphery is the container where I keep all my knowledge, my memories, and my habits. Everything I can conceptualise lives here. Who I think I am, who I think you are, and my cat.

The centre is where my waking state lives. My feelings, my senses, and everyone else's. It is nicer in the centre than the periphery.

## Let's Eat

What can I say?

Great green swamps of the East.

Nutritious algae looks unappetising.

Sniff a beaker of soil, my friend.

The smell of Earth is your base.

Surely a rainbow would brighten your day.

It's starting to rain.

We're all in pain.

An empty stomach is a shame.

Let's eat.



## Forever Beginning

At the start of things the Earth eats the sun. It feasts  
and brightness is forever tarnished.

We then retreat into our minds and feast on moonlit  
imagination.

With each subsequent thought the darkness grows.  
Reality dims to the point of the original source.

Hopefully we can send our selves there and dissolve  
as brightness reigns again.

Just so the mountains can once again eat all the light  
and grow trees on their peak.

The cycle goes on to this day.

Forever beginning, we are helpless, as the skies and  
the soil do battle.

## 99

99% of humanity's tears are yet to be shed.

99 buttons in my box but no thread on the reel.

99 reasons for ice cream still I deprive myself.

99 carved decorations but I keep looking for the blank block.

99 possible outcomes started from the same place.  
99 colours would make me go blind.

99 thoughts but I have to choose which to use.

99 steps but no dance, no stairway, and no instructions.

## The Oblivious

I could lighten your misery.  
Your darkness would lift.  
Shower you with brightness.  
But what would you see?

Nothing.

Blinded by light.  
Untouched by night.  
Howling your ignorance.  
Writhing on the floor.  
Narcissism exposed.

Guided by faith.  
It is always a sign.  
When it's convenient.  
Otherwise it's sin.

Hypocrisy.

A cold touch.  
A withered hand.  
Weight on your lower back.  
You could fall at any time.

Hand of God.

Whisper on the breeze.  
Schizophrenia or holy spirit?  
One pious rationale.  
One debilitating illness.

Rulers.

A smile on the street.  
A laugh and a meal.  
The warmth in my heart.  
Random kindness.

Inside us all.

## Before A Day Walking

I woke with the moon in the west, a flask of tea in my bag, and a whole day to repeat. Day in. Day out.

## The Soil

The wind howls through my head  
Shaking the edges of my vision  
Taking shelter in a garden shed  
Just doing jobs there is no decision

## Moonscript

The dark and the light. Stories written of land made of cheese, of a man in solitude, of scars and holes.

The full moon just gone, see you again soon, cloud permitting.

The new stars are primed on their rockets. Set to be speeding across the sky. An awful musk lingers.

The moon will always be the moon. Until it becomes the property of few. They might one day own the moon but they will never have what we have. Tales and song. Food in our bellies and drinks flowing free. A cheer and a smile.

To the moon. To the moon. To the moon and back.

## Cat

Pounce, cat, pounce  
    Catch a beam of light  
Through fields and trees  
    You will win every fight  
The smells you encounter  
    Wrap round your memories  
You are loved completely  
    So do anything you please  
The warmth of your coat  
    Will keep you feeling cozy  
So I accept that mouse  
    In place of a posey



2019

## Dreams Vs Reality

Every night I close my eyes and flirt with death.

I lose my choice, my identity, my name.

I see things that do not exist.

And occasionally scream in pain.

Every night I close my eyes and flirt with death.

But I'm loyal to life in the morning.

I look, I feel, I taste my food.

And smile at the day that is dawning.

## Avangard

We will all die.

Money will become meaningless.

We will regret not doing nice things more often.

Nothing is more valuable than a smile on a loved one's face.

Prioritise.

## Underpants

Sliding down a valley.

Falling through a hole.

Tumbling over and over.

Dropping further.

Lower and lower.

Next to my broken ankles.

Underpants.

## The Greatest Slumber

Sleeping on green sheets, under two warm  
duvets, and a thick woollen blanket.  
Me and my cat are mutual hot water bottles.  
Serenity is in my body but my mind is distracted by  
the muffled radio sounds through the wall.  
A double is fine but a bigger bed is an aspiration;  
indeed.

Heat trapped radiating in and around us.  
The day's gone contents being chewed up gently in  
my head.  
Fleeced of a rest by some fool shouting next door.  
He turns up the radio to drown himself out.

There's always someone else but you can be  
settled where you are.  
Until the next trawler dredges up old bedded muck.  
I've never been as certain although at a distance is it  
both easy and hard.  
Letting myself drift into fantasy I notice a change.

Voices cease; a radio off.

The greatest slumber will be here soon.

## Framing The Picture

Trying to assess how I am  
I frame a snapshot of my mind  
Cropping out bits to make a good scene  
This is how my sanity will unwind

An overreaching attempt to grasp a hot mug  
Spillage and pain  
A needed drink wasted  
I put my head above a burst water main

A sea of movement  
An elaborate dance  
Feeling between us  
Keep us entranced

Monotonous duty  
I work to some trance  
In vogue so I vogue  
I take my chance

## This Morning ITV1

Next to a holly tree  
The silver fox sat on the forest floor  
Hunggrily thinking about visiting the chicken farm  
nearby  
For there worked the raven haired girl

The woods were on a hillside  
So the fox skulked down to the low field where the  
farm belonged  
Roosting crows flew from the canopy branches as he  
rustled past below  
He made his way to the field verge

It was winter and all the girls were glowing in  
the biting cold  
By the damp wooden shelter he saw the Little Soph  
with the midnight hair  
Soph of the field would smuggle eggs for her silver  
furred friend  
Just as he came to collect his treat there was a  
colossal bang!

Down by the small piers at the side of the  
river  
There was a pompous buffoon shooting at the birds  
in the sky  
He wanted their shiny things hidden away in their  
nests  
Neither he nor they had the generosity of Little Soph

At the sound of the calamity Soph and the fox  
made their way down  
The blustering fool by the piers was so involved in  
himself he didn't hear them

The silver fox barked and growled and so shook was  
the man  
That his feet fell before him into the air above the  
slippy water's edge

Splash! He had blundered in a massive way  
Wet and cold from head to toe in icy mire  
Soph laughed and fed the silver fox some eggs  
So the fox went back to the holly tree where he spent  
the morning content and well fed



## A Quick Decline

My hyper sensitivity and extreme resilience are two sides of the same coin.

I have a lot of those coins.

I should learn to flip on demand.

Instead I want to spend them all on you.

As all my constituent parts condense into one.

As all memories of myself are gone and forgotten.

I learn the best days were the worst days

And the hardest days were the easiest.

Everything speeds up

Spinning slowly

Then faster

And faster.

Stillness.

The end

## Asia, Satan, and Her Message

There is no one who deserves to live forever

Through better thoughts and deeds

We can all become no one

So live well

Until you die

So we shall all become no one

## Hundreds Of Years Of Natural Heritage Gone In Less Than 500 Years

Everything is burning  
A spark in the darkest mind  
He should have kept it in the ground  
Now it's nearly gone  
The children won't be able to pay  
Trapped in his grip of debt  
Created thanks to his greed  
Castles of gluttony  
Belong to families few  
Their defences of riches  
Will one day burn too

## Concentration

For times longer than I have known.  
They predate on our emotions.  
Feeding, gorging upon our fear.  
Confusion they spread.  
Misinformation is read.  
They want us to believe in them.  
We cannot. We have our sense, logic, and hope.  
With that we fight back against it all.  
We're left alone with our books  
Alone with our music  
Our art. Our reality.  
Alone with ourselves  
Alone with the truth  
Of all we can do.  
So we listen and we listen.  
Putting mind over mood.  
Living every second.  
Helping as many as we can.

## Stably Crazy

I listen to the whispers from the rocks. “Don’t step on me. Step on the soil; it is silent.” The soil cannot speak but would it complain if it could?

The grass here grows long. Thick and dense. Stems snap and screams; more screams fill my head.

Should your voice be different? Of course, but it isn’t, at least, not always. You say “hi”. I can’t hear myself think which is just as well. I’m scared of what I might be saying.

The cars go past my window far too fast. “Honk honk honk” someone toots. I cannot see out but it has been raining. I can hear the tyres slice up the water with a harsh crescendo that diminishes into the distance.

Leaves are falling. That’s nice.

I am writing nonsense again. Good. What to say? What to do?

Why I am breathing so loud? I sleep still. All but for the bellows squeezing back and forth. Until I turn and turn and turn.

## Postcard to a beloved

She dances like dust in a beam of light.

Entranced, I'm a rabbit in the headlights.

I want to sing to her but I have the smallest voice. No one can hear me whether I whisper or scream. So I delight in my silence.

So today I wrote, quietly and alone, a message within a message, for once, without my phone.

## 2 Counsellors

\*Two counsellors are at the office party, are a little drunk, and have been flirting at work for the last few months.\*

Counsellor Y: I love you.

Counsellor Z: Eep! I love you too. You are such an amazing person.

Y: You are the only person who thinks that. I appreciate that. I am not though.

Z: You're not what?

Y: An amazing person. I'm actually pretty terrible. I can be a right prick.

Z: Well, you are actually very good and besides, you aren't as terrible as I am.

Y: I am. I will show you one day but I hope I never do.

Z: I can't imagine it. You are kind and generous.

Y: And I jump to conclusions and feel resentful about things in my past.

Z: Don't we all. Don't beat yourself up. You'll just get depressed.

Y: And you might not be able to help when I feel depressed.

Z: I can try. I care about you so much.

Y: If only you cared about yourself that much.

Z: Then I would be happier I guess.

Y: You should work on things to make you happier.

Z: I can't think of anything. I have no good qualities.

Y: Socialise more.

Z: Maybe, maybe not, I get very anxious when I'm alone.

Y: Yeah but you feel happy around me.

Z: Well I think about you a lot when you're not around.

Y: But don't feel happy?

Z: I do but it depends what else is going on.

Y: I feel happy when I'm alone I wish I could share that with you.

Z: You can. I want to see you happy.

Y: I get petulant with other people.

Z: I can't imagine you being petulant.

Y: Well I have been in the past.

Z: My past has been difficult.

Y: The past is overrated. Just another thing to feel bad about. You've got the present and the future.



Z: My past is my everything. It's completely valid.

Y: I'm jumping to conclusions that you're jumping conclusions about something I said.

Z: I don't know what you mean.

Y: I can't explain.

Z: I want some support about my past trauma.

Y: So how did it make you feel?

Z: Traumatised!

Y: We should look at it another way. Maybe there's nothing wrong with being traumatised?

Z: Nothing apart from the trauma, the lifetime of pain, and the flashbacks. No there obviously nothing wrong it.

Y: Let me rephrase that...

Z: You just like me being traumatised. You prick.

Y: I thought you thought I was an amazing person?

Z: Well you were before you started being a prick.

Y: I warned you I was a terrible person.

Z: You were right.

Y: I was right as usual.

Z: Prick.

## Autumnal Peacetime

The air is cool. No wind to speak of.

Feeling my heart beating away in my chest.

Bright blue skies and fluffy white clouds.

Every tree, every leaf, perfectly still.

My mind is buzzing with everything I've ever learnt.  
Not all at once but it's all in there somewhere.

My cat is mellow today. Affection is going a long way.

Thinking about last week's confusion seems a long  
way off.

My flat is a mess but the speakers are singing to me  
and I have a cup of tea in my hand.

## Paper Skin

He's got paper skin; peeling away, red ink and all.

The words don't matter; he is what he feels.

He lashes out at those around him; so fragile.

Full of yesterdays news but he hasn't read anything.

His paper skin doesn't inform.

He won't let you close; he's so ashamed.

Not of himself because he's always right.

Just ashamed of his words; it doesn't add up in his head.

There's a patch on his arse that once was page 3.

It's the only bit he likes.

'Not vulgar, this is moral instruction.' Is it's message.

Flesh on flesh and it just stinks.

In fact, all of his paper skin smells rather bad.

Unelected and unwanted. A buffoon at 10. He's a buffoon all day.

## Cliché? Touché

Life. Never to be the same again.  
The last day of the week didn't get off to a good start.

My alarm went off. I showed you my painting  
I thought it was red and you told me it was green.

You took me for a walk to your hills where I  
planted my flag. The wind was lacking but I could  
still feel a bite on my face. A tear. Your footsteps in  
the snow will be gone tomorrow.

Back home you sat by the crackling fire and  
sang the saddest song. I cried; became afraid of my  
actions and words or lack thereof.

Would it even matter if I disappeared into  
thin air? A faint trace of your smell left on my hands  
from the night before. You have gone now.

Emptiness. A new hole. The pain is back. Does  
it never cease? In my dreams I walked to your hills  
but they looked like different hills and my flag was  
gone. There sky was clear but there was no moon.  
The ground was wet. My face was dry. Something  
forgotten returned from the mist like a wisp in a  
woods. An old ghost drifting through the trees;  
weaving a path through the thickets. It was my worst  
enemy. A mirror. A chasm. Just darkness. My safe  
place.

## Diary

An enormous furnace of radioactive burning gas just pitched up on the horizon and blasted my bedroom full of luminous energy.

Fuming!

It's almost everyday at this point...

## Being A Bee

Honey in my throat. A buzz in my brain. A hive in my  
stomach. A queen in my heart.

Every thought a flower. Each memory a breath of  
wind. The distant hills are not our home. This brick  
has everything we need.

You didn't give me my wings but you taught me to fly.

## What You Give To me

The sweetest taste on my tongue; a feeling my brain adores. A safe warmth in my feet spreading up to my head. A glow brighter than the sun in a land of perpetual sunny intervals. A shine from my heart that lasts longer than a lifetime.

You give colour to the trees; your leaves each more varied than the last. Your swirls and strokes have more life than the seas. Your smile feeds on pain and gives out love. Your words calm those nearby and promote harmony.

Those out there somewhere might sneer at our joy; their deficient empathy can't slow us down. Their lack of patience can't force our movement. Their blue and gold dresses can't tempt us to fruitless avenues. Their misunderstanding can't teach us otherwise.

Inner feelings. Beautiful senses. Outward protection.

Thank you.

## The Memory Shack

There is a cosy wooden shack centrally housed within the dark grey garden by the torchlit woods in the left side of my brain.

She stands in there most days, warm and content, painting her mind. The canvases are ever changing maps of who she is.

Standing close to apply strokes of colour, she is a light that is always on, in an otherwise flickering domain. I smile at her as she lifts a painting and puts it to one side. It is a blue and red streak dancing on a grey background.

I look at the painting and then at her. Carried in her glowing eyes is a flame sparking comfort; affirming my affection.

She sometimes leaves to sow seeds in the garden. This time she takes out the compost bucket too. A ritual of emptying painful memories into the universe's empty space for renewal.

Distracted and alone I look through the window, the first clouds of the morning replace the starless sky, a dawn breaks bringing a new light to the room.

I wander outside as illusions tell me there are things to be done. It is dark and she is not there. I cannot see into the black depths so I head back towards the shack's door.

Back inside I see her by the window painting the sky. Adding trees and light to the canvas. These



are her abstract memories and feelings. She paints a purple orb afloat on a wobbly grey ocean.

A bird through the window calls me. So once more I step outside. In a boat lashed with wind and rain, I see the bird flying around the opposite side of the shack, I raise the sail and follow it around. My eyes track the wooden panels and shapes around the outside of the shack. The wood, not yet aged, is just one or two years old. I am trying to look inside but there are no windows, just backs of canvases, still wet with paint and reality.

Adrift I grasp at the darkness. It is cold and unyielding with it's ever changing silence ringing in my ears. The bird appears and for a split second I can feel her warmth once again.

Lightning strikes and I am lost. I awaken somewhere new and unreal. I touch my blanket as a hungry cat jumps up to greet me looking for his morning meal. I check my phone and find a photo of a painting. A purple orb afloat on a wobbly grey ocean with trees in the distance and a cloud filled sunrise in the sky.

## A Dummy

I'm not sure you will like me once you have met me.

You will see I am a featureless dummy holding up a mirror to the world.

I hope you realise you are not so bad after all when you look at me.

You might forgive me for having little substance of my own.

## The Roughest Stone

I am the roughest stone on the beach.

Abrasion scrapes grooves in my voice.

Uneven wire towelling scrapes at your heart.

It hurts. It hurts. It hurts. I'm sure.

It'll heal because it feels good.

Keep me and polish me smooth.

## 2003

There was a man in PICU who didn't say a word.

He paced around in his underwear flinching at all he heard.

He went out for a smoke with a coffee in his hand,  
then marched back inside for medication on demand.

\* \* \*

(This was about a month I spent living with a mute patient amongst others at a Psychiatric Intensive Care Unit when I was 16. He had a tattoo of a small cross on his leg and I tried to shoehorn the blaspheme 'Jesus!' into something I said within his earshot. He was in his own world until I did. He got up from the chair and marched around for a bit. I felt bad for deliberately offending him but I'd never seen him react to anything other than smokes and coffee. I guess I was just trying to get him to say something... It didn't work.)

## Brain Stem Clip (Loop)

I find myself on the floor again. I kick myself one more time.

Brittle and unkind. No intent towards others just to my own expectations and desires.

I need to want the things I already have.

I've got to draw a line between things out of my control and my own thoughts and actions.

I've got part of my brain exposed to the world. It's a strand. A cord. Red raw. Sensitive doesn't go far enough.

There's a clip on it. I'm feeling the pressure, hearing external noise amplified.

I need to make distinction between incoming sounds and outgoing frequencies.

Without this filter there is just unsynchronised resonant discord.

Detach the clasp. Ease the pain. It's not my fault. I can handle this now.

Untitled #0000097.428571

You climbed a tree and looked down at me.

You spoke with your face.

I could see. You weren't happy at all.

I had risen my voice. It didn't feel like my choice.

I walked away. Like this was a play.

But this was no act.

You didn't want to know. What you already knew.

My temper had torn our bond apart. Left holes in our hearts.

So I wrote to you. 'We can see this through.'

There was nothing to see.

You built yourself a new home. A new start.

So in the heat I lay. Wishing for a new day. By the tree where you looked down at me.

## Untitled #0039481.857142

Time makes the highs low and the lows high.

The esteemed are just the flavour of the month.  
Change occupies all.

Ambition at an all time low but I feel bliss sat next to a cat.

Adapt to the situation don't try to change it to fit you.

Water dips and flows into every crevice of the rocky sea shore but is slowly shaping the hard, strong cliff wall.

If you are like that, you are life sustaining, the lowest of low, making all those around you feel high.

Feed your friends and treat them well and they will return the favour. A painted glass teardrop can mean a thousand things. It can be treasure. It can be crap. The value is not in the pieces you hold; it is inside of you.

A tic is an sudden, repetitive, voluntary response to an unwanted urge. It is our way of measuring time.

## Untitled #05273194.285714

Sitting by the lake. You are by my side. Looking at the cotton sky mirrored in the fisherman's playground; a thought enters my head. I turn to you to whisper my idea but you are not there.

I watch the grass grow at the side of my blanket. Bees and flies pass by; secure in the summer's plentiful bounty. I can't help but feel powerless. Possibilities number too many and decisions too far away.

A cold breeze blows so I pack up my things. Leaving all as it was. If I could get you here would you even share this pleasure that hits my chest. Short and sharp, painful like a spasm, yet warm and reassuring. I feel better.

I thought I heard your voice but it is just a bird alarmed that I am nearby. Walking on the way back I see a kaleidoscope of colour on the graffiti mural on the side of the shop. I am steps away from you and my heart begins to pound.

Key in the door and the room lights up. Cat greetings with a purr and demand for food. Although just a roof over my head; the place smells of comfort. This is your welcome and I am back inside you once more.

I am home.



## Untitled #3111808.714285

Take me away from this night sky I've inhabited for so long.

Withstanding wind and all kinds of atmospheric tension.

A shout from my past scars seeping works of sap into being.

I will leave a bare branch but it is in my bark my legacy lies.

Textured hope and virtue exceeding a butterfly's beat.

Leaving the deceptive darkness let me live through the pure spring breeze.

A two fold cycle we'll ride until we are within each other.

Laying my roots down in your garden. I'm sorry if I'm irresponsible.

I feel like I'm dreaming. Stable and still. In silence I'll think of you.

Trying not to upset your environment. I'll breathe oxygen if you need it.

Will I get visiting wildlife? Maybe that will change my course. Certainty is distant.

Cold comes from the North and East in these parts. Memories will come and go.

The sun can heal your trauma. I don't want to cause you to suffer.

Though trees bleed and leaves fall down life pushes us forward again and again.

Is it enough to share and appreciate the good things that happen?

Endings are inevitable. As the new day rolls in; I do not know what will be.

## Untitled #0000137.142857

I fear few know you. But what it is to be known? To hold faith that this dream is no dream at all. Possibly.

Your golden potential unravels day by day. An untouched block of wood being carved notch by notch. It is my melancholy pleasure to watch this process. It gives me life.

Such a gift is yours to give. But does it loosen our ties or make them stronger? That depends on my stubborn mind. My ongoing boredom and hypnotic drudge.

I want some motivation to continue my activity. You provide this. I am receptive in spurts. Like a bird flying high for a view I leave the shackles of this land momentarily. Wishing you were up here with me, you are, you are the sky.

## Untitled #0006326.571428

(I want you to tear this to shreds.)

\* \* \*

I can be your nothing. The thing in your life that doesn't really matter. A background feeling. An underlying thought pattern. A goose with orange striped eyelashes.

While your everything comes and goes I am there. Washing dishes on a cold day. A cooling breeze on a hot one. Repositioning things on the mantle. A horned lemon with a sweet sweet tangy syrup dressing.

With all the potential I stay still; rarely showing any form. A shadow flickering in candlelight. The feeling of 'what shall I do now?' An unexpected hand gesture. A silken scarf with an image of Delia Derbyshire riding a resplendent golden moose represented by colourful sequins.

## My Best Friend

What is this chaos?  
I didn't choose to be born.  
What is happening?  
I see patterns that are destined to go awry.

My brain is not clear and calm.  
Driven by a predetermined tick.  
Pushing through the things I do and am going to do.  
An addiction is holding on: Don't stop me yet.

These stories start with a moment of intense  
change.  
Curves flatten out and plateau.  
You can be the catalyst for me to refresh.  
A starting point in every moment lived.

To feel loved is to forgive yourself.  
The guilt the blame the shame.  
Start again and learn.  
A wobbling cycle where the circles slowly get more  
unstable.

What is this chaos?  
A dream. Nothing more.  
What is happening?  
Something worth experiencing.

## A Pleasant Rant

I want to share my feelings with someone. My cat isn't the most receptive... He was lovely this morning though. Laying next to him at night is nicer than laying next to no one. He follows me around and looks after me. He's a good boy. Sorry this has already gone off at a tangent.

I miss holding someone. Just feeling another person's warmth. If you were here I'd hug you as much as I could.

Life here is not idyllic. It's grim... but the noise of burglar alarms and police cars, smashing glass and drunken kids is sporadic against the constant chirping chatter of the sparrows and the starlings. The regular sound of the passing buses is synced with my internal clock. The sound of the gears shifting down, the rumble of the engine, the hissing brakes and doors opening is like a regular tick of a clock in my head.

Not far away are rugged hills home to lizards, bees, butterflies, herds of deer and endless moorland. Once hallowed ground built upon by bronze age people, it has evolved through attempts at farming, transport, water management but now rests as wild land.

I'd love to take you on a walk around here. To have you see what I see. Smell what I smell. Feel what I feel. I hope to one day soon when we are both well and happy.

## Old Sayings And Songs

### In days of old

In days of old, when men were bold,  
And paper wasn't invented.  
They wiped their arses on bits of grasses,  
And went away contented.

\* \* \*

### The Birdcatchers Song

I am a fellow bright and gay  
A merry fellow night and day  
My name is held in great renown  
throughout the land, in every town.  
Where lark and linnet tunes their note  
my whistle joins the warblers note  
{ cant remember the next line }  
For I'm the jolly birdcatcher.

\* \* \*

### The Trout

I stood beside a brooklet  
That sparkled on its way  
And saw beneath the wavelets  
A tiny trout at play  
As swiftly as an arrow it darted to and fro  
The gayest of the fishes among the reeds below  
An angler there was standing with his rod and line in  
hand  
Intent upon the fishes, that sportive fearless band  
'Tis vain said my good neighbour to fish the brooklet  
clear

The fish will surely see you upon the bank so near  
But skillful was the angler and artful too  
The crystal brooklets depths defiling – he hid the fish  
from view  
And then his skill renewing  
The fishes unheeding took the bait  
And I was left lamenting the tiny troutlets fate

\* \* \*

### The Ballad Of Lizzie Sloan

Across the loan  
Went Lizze Sloan  
A dueling set had she  
A rifle on her shoulder, a pistol on her knee.  
Now Lizzie's eyesight wasn't too good  
Her glasses they were dim  
And when she charged the bull  
It shit upon her chin.

\* \* \*

### The Soldier's Song

Arsehole, arsehole, a soldier I will be,  
To piss, to piss, two pistols at my knee,  
Fuck you, fuck you, for curiosity,  
I'll fight for the cunt, I'll fight for the cunt, I'll fight for  
the cunt-er-y.



## Social Media Plopping

Walking, wishing, wondering.

Seeing, smelling, savouring.

Hearing, handling, healing.

Being, balancing, and becoming.

A Chicken Cross Hare Across the Road in  
the Land of Americana have a Sandwich  
and Other Mutterings

Gotta comb my opalescent goat hair  
budgerigar to get it to lay some eggs of pure wheat  
flour.

Then take the elevator to the goose sky  
hideout above the mountain top cave where I live for  
the summer.

Pick elderberries before the cuckoo spit rain  
wets my obligatory Whisk Day gingham check shirt  
and shorts combo.

Finally get sweet slumber in the cave with the  
cat bear violin player playing lullabies into the deep  
black.

## Religious Clout

Bend the Angel's will. Corrupt her pure heart.  
Steal her divinity for your creation. Oh my dear old  
thing; unholy perfection is at your fingertips.

Protect your processes. Nurture your  
weakness. Curb your strength. For once life is not  
absolute truth; subtlety is awakening.

God is infinite. Your lifetime is not. Nor are all  
words ever written. Unlearn everything you know;  
virtue shall lead you further than knowledge.

Everything came from nothing. The nameless  
empty. The unperishing void. Not bleak nor sad; for  
nothing is in everything.

Create something beautiful. Crude but  
complex. Naive but fully layered. Give your all; save  
the world. Go forth.

## No One

Unapologetically eccentric.  
Regretfully chaotic.  
Tries to see good in the negative.  
Whilst experiencing difficulty in the positive.

Music, painting, drawing, writing, reading.  
Sport, running, walking, playing, taking part.

Often anxious. Rarely judgemental.  
Sometimes happy. Sometimes sad.  
Tries my best. Likes a rest.

This is me. Down to a T.  
Sitting down. Drinking tea.

## Tenuous links

Fear is a cruel imposter, a charlatan, a crook of the mind.

A false reaction or part of a disingenuous conversation is a recipe for a circle of tiredness.

Cookery is playing with fire unless you have a prescription for success.

Sour is a taste that is needed to feel sweet. Mental dexterity is needed. Requirements move the mind.

Numbers can help us understand the physical world around us.

Two people trapped in love is the best and the worst.

Keep extremes conceptual. Nothing is as it seems.

Emptiness is invaluable but so is some other stuff.

What I am worth and to who does it matter?

## Another spirit

She wants someone close, to hold, to love, to have.

Though she lives like a ghost, no one knows her name.

Wants a normal life but life won't bend for her.

Feeling like a mess because her dreams aren't coming true.

She looked in a book for words to help her out.

The book said:  
“3eue þi cunte to cunnig and craue affetir wedding.”

She knew what she must do, just felt lost and incapable.

So she stopped to love herself, to grow, to learn, to gain.

So did she ever change? Well, nobody did know.

She's still wandering the town, through rain, through hail, through snow.

## Delusion

My biggest delusion also felt the most real.

## Breath

Grief is the bite of the wind on your cheek.  
Life is the brace of air against your face and your  
hair standing on end.

Intertwined like two strands, they stood at the  
bus stop hand in hand. A familiar memory stood next  
to you is still there years after you saw them last.  
Look after your mind. Reign in fear and hate because  
you might be alone at the bus stop one day.

The breath goes in and out. Your breath  
becomes someone else's whether you are on your  
own or not. Keep breathing, that's what living is.



## Vague Questioning

The things of the world hold sway over us all.  
To be free from this influence is an illusion.  
To be aware of it is the path.

Objects, feelings, and creatures are all  
included.  
You are part, a mixture, not all this or that.  
Position your intent well, this will point things to the  
path.

Relative to extremes, no absolutes are real.  
Happening and moving in flux.  
Change is the route the path takes.

There is a place of nowhere. A realm within  
everything.  
Where your creation exists peacefully in balance.

This is the where the path leads.

NONSENSE, I'M OVERTHINKING. EVERYTHING IS  
TOO MUCH. NOTHING EVER GOES RIGHT. ABSOLUTE  
DOOM PERSISTS.

Or does it?

## Hot and Sweaty

A trickle, a pore.

Sat together and bored.

Nervous energy and a hot sun ray.

Exasperated tension that lasts all day.

Droplets form in the same place, no less.

Expend nothing still a sticky mess.

Thunder brews high above my head.

Atmosphere darkens and thickens to lead.

Excitement builds inside and out.

A response so primal it sounds like a shout.

A roar in the sky with light and a boom.

Synchronised with a release pent up in the room.

## Pilchard Paul

Pilchard Paul washes his wellies in the rushing river.

The skies sadden as the wintry wind keeps coming.

The sodden soil is certainly saturated this stormy stroll.

The loud lion roars raucously as the gloomy grey clouds close in.

A clap and a crack as frightening fracturous light lands on the loam.

Lion licks his colossal coat, wringing wet from the ridiculous rain.

Suculent scent sniffed by the Lion's lust for fantastic food.

Pilchard Paul runs and rushes toward the car on the corner.

Crafty clever cogs Lion lives not far the pride in from the periphery.

Low lionesses spring sporadically seemingly out of nowhere now.

RIP Pilchard Paul. Fishermen. Father of 2 bonny boys. Tim and Todd.

## Bus

Sorry yes. That's ok. I just walked in a tree because I was looking away. Sorry. Errrr. Where was I? Oh yes I've got to walk around the tree. Errr yes. Ok. Oh no sorry I got a text, one moment. Oh sorry tree again, I was looking at my phone. Oh the bus is here. Oh sorry driver I don't have change will a note be ok. Oh wait.. errr. A £20 is my lowest. Sorry. Oh blimey it's a busy bus isn't it. I'll have to stand up. Maybe I should just squeeeeeze past some of these people. Sorry. Oh I'm not getting off for a while and these people might be getting off sooner. I'll squeeze past another oh sorry. Errr ever so sorry are you getting off now? Sorry I'll move out of the way so you can get out. Ah. At least there's a free chair to sit on. Oh sorry my knee just touched your knee I'll try and close my legs so I take up less room and sit on the outside of the seat. Sorry. Oh sorry you want to get past. I'll swing my legs back around. Oh sorry you're getting up, is it your stop? I better let you out. Ah at least I've got a window seat. Oh you're sitting down next to me sorry I'll tuck my legs in. Sorry, your bag is touching my legs. Ah it is my stop, can you press the bell for me please? Sorry. Ah excuse me you're still standing, can I squeeze past? Uh. Sorry. Right. Sorry driver, I mean thank you. Sorry.

## Note to Someone Else (and to Self)

Try to remember even the cleverest people are just advanced apes trying to conform to an ideal that is in their head.

The mind is a big place to get lost. The world is bigger. Space is unmeasurably bigger. The unknowns beyond are infinitely bigger.

You can paint tomorrow, today.

## Living With My Cat

Things aren't all bad.

Things are mostly bad with some good.

Nothing is absolute.

Everything can change.

Relativity and uncertainty.

Are how I understand.

Focusing on the process.

Not the result.

I remember things I do.

I forget things I've done.

Improving without knowing.

Happening by it's own accord.

Seeing with my eyes open.

Doesn't halt my dreams.

Holding you with warm regard.

I am living with my cat.

## The Psychosis Bird

The psychosis bird swooped, lifting me up in  
her wings, she took me up high away from  
everything I knew.

Drop me off at the submarine port please,  
love. I've got to get to my wedding, I've got to look  
good while everything is falling into position.

I think I've forgotten everything. Everything  
I've ever known. Nothing is in its place and I can't  
feel pain at the moment.

Nothing is everything and everything is  
nonsense. I'm floating in the air but I think they are  
taking me to the circus to put me in a cell.

The clowns are here every night terrorising  
me dreams. It feels so real. I'm taking it out on the  
guy next door what have I come to?

The filmstar across the way looks like a  
junkie. My god she's gorgeous though. I could stare in  
her eyes and get lifted up all over again.

Am I still in the sky or am underground with  
the whole of existence settling back down on top of  
me?

This pond will take a while to clear.

## The Valkyrie

It was raining in Fishguard for what seemed like an age.

She lived in an old wooden hut that had been built in days.

From a distant land, she was a raider from afar.

Settled down with a lobsterman she met at the bar.

In an outpost quite ancient – it had it's own ways.

Their calender would deal celebrations on different days.

Blue rocks lined the valley – significant this stone.

Used to build henges and circles unknown.

She knew of this tradition but was a warrior by trade.

Settled dispute without force, with the wit that she made.

The lobsterman was abusive – he took her by force.

So one day she killed him – self defence of course.

The next day the sun shined and flowers did bloom.

Yet she was put in a prison to face her ultimate doom.



## Happy

The shadows of the leaves  
keep moving  
as my face feels the breeze  
The sky is as blue as it gets  
My face is flush and warm  
Momentum carries me along  
Breath feeds my lungs  
The rustle of the trees  
keep sounding  
as the birds do what they please  
One foot then the other  
I'm feeling light and free  
Bounding across a stream  
Happiness heals the past

## Looking for the lost sock...

Sometimes our emotions are like when we look everyday for that sock we lost 15 years ago.

Stop looking. Something else is in front of our eyes now. Do that instead, even if it's new or scary...

At least learning will come from trying new things.

We will grow, improve, and get better.

## Shy

Everyday, I say:  
It's ok to be shy.  
But it's ok to talk to people too.  
It's ok to be shy.  
But it's ok to contribute your view.

Leaving things alone can let things happen.  
I don't have to be someone else, I'm not.  
Comfortable at home with the cat is my fashion.  
I can do this whenever I want: A lot.

Everyday, I say:  
It's ok to be shy.  
But it's ok to talk to people too.  
It's ok to be shy.  
But it's ok to contribute your view.

Being still and listening to the world around me.  
Brings me more comfort than a hug or a chat.  
I know for you it's different, it doesn't astound me.  
So I can speak up and help you out like that.

Everyday, I say:  
It's ok to be shy.  
But it's ok to talk to people too.  
It's ok to be shy.  
But it's ok to contribute your view.

## Questionable CBT

### **Situation:**

**“I was feeling bad because Mr B reacted unexpectedly.”**

Thought: ‘I must have annoyed him.’

Feeling: ‘I feel like a bad person for annoying people.’

Behaviour: ‘Not going to social occasion at the pub.’

Physical symptoms: ‘Feeling anxious’.

### **Alternative:**

Balanced thought: ‘Mr B might have issue of his own, maybe he’s got a lot on his mind, or something stressful happened recently to him. I may have annoyed him, but it’s more likely that was not the sole cause. That could be why he reacted like he did.’

Balanced feeling: ‘I feel empathy for Mr B and will check he’s ok tomorrow.’

Behaviour: ‘Go to social occasion at the pub and have a good time.’

Physical symptoms: ‘Drunk.’

## A Poem Written On The Bus Home From Counselling

Dreamlike imagination stems not from a wilderness,  
but the void. All ideas come from this same source.  
Ideas may arise from each other yet can remain  
separate concepts.

Memories exist like lucid footprints in the snow. The  
fall of expectations meets the pressure of a successful  
outcome, covering past happiness in a lack of  
nowness.\*

In the present I'm a star seer looking out through the  
window at the night sky. Enjoying the moment for  
what it gives. Sadly, this will change, but I must  
accept it. Acceptance is the root of all self  
improvement.

\*I apologise for this monstrous sentence of  
pretentious twaddle in particular.

# 2018 and Before

## Winter

Sitting at my table drawing because I don't want to pay my TV licence.

Everyone's overdrawn. I'm lacking inspiration. I'm losing patience.

Draw the curtains because the night is closing in.

It's too cold to go out. I'm sick of living in my own skin.

People are being encouraged to do it for themselves.

Where has the community gone? Where do I belong?

Not knowing what is going on in the age of information.

This is the new normal. Caring is becoming informal.

## Pandas

Pandas are solitary creatures,  
who sit around and think until it hurts.  
They feel stress more than most,  
as they ponder over problems and worries.

There is a place where pandas gather.  
Together stronger, not facing the world alone.  
Sharing hope, helping each other recover.  
They keep in touch and give one another hugs.

Attempting to heal can be simple.  
Support can be the smallest thing.  
In their minds, they begin to thrive.  
In their hearts, ever closer they come.

Pandas are solitary creatures,  
who sit around and think until it hurts.  
Never will they suffer alone,  
For all pandas help those in need.



## Schizoaffective Disorder

Imagine not really knowing if you are dreaming or if you are wide awake. You are either feeling super elated or depressed or both at the same time. You can't talk clearly or communicate how your feeling and you don't know where you are or what's going on.

## Seabear Tree Arms

An old bear paw, sitting in a jar.  
Under a tree that never grew any leaves.

A light blinking through the branches.  
A clouded mind clawing at the calm.  
Wandered towards the timber,  
bent and twisted.  
Sanity falls.

Laying there in a daze.  
Next to chlorophyll  
functioning in the grass.  
Every blade as important as the next.  
Together creating a habitat.

Storing hope for new roots.  
Sparking aspiration to be well again.

You can really find yourself, in losing your mind.

## Pencils and Pens

I like pencils and pens,  
writing materials and paper.

Lions and tigers,  
cheetahs and leopards.

I like jumping and puddles,  
getting muddled and confused.

Plants and flowers,  
flour and bread.

I like eyes and ears,  
sensing life and feelings.

Thinking and reversing,  
negative photos and drawings.

## When I Was 6

Between the ages of three and six years old I had a reason not to give up, an ambition for life, a purpose. A future.

I wanted more than anything, to be, when I grew up, an apple tree. I wanted to live in the corner of a beautiful garden getting visits from the birds and the bees. I wanted the wind to blow my branches to provide hugs and to drop my delicious apples to feed those who were hungry. I liked the idea of being stationary. I had moved from a large bed in my own room to the attic. It was the first night after we got the latest in roof windows installed, which were the fashion at the time.

I had had a pleasant day talking to the old plasterer. I only remember he was old so he was about 16 – 90+. He had an old hat. Possibly a flat cap, a popular accessory among the pensioners of the area. He had done a good job with a smooth finish, so much so i would stroke the wall around the window just to appreciate the smoothness.

It was later that day it happened... Night came as I lay in my bed. It used to be bunk beds but my Dad had sawed them in two to become two single beds. Mine was the bottom bunk. Anyway, I couldn't sleep that night. I had been awake for hours. Lying there, just looking through the roof window, the light pollution of the city bled darkness into the sky. The stars were out...

My earliest favourite reading books were about counting to ten and basic science for children. They were mostly published by Penguin or Puffin.

One of the books said stars were giant burning balls of gas just like the sun. I must have been read this book recently because it was then it dawned on me. Never before had I contemplated what I was. What life was. What I was doing here. I was the sort of child whose main sad thought up until that moment was 'other people can't have been around before me... I would've remembered them.' And that was only sad because people would laugh and dismiss this truth. It was soon to come when a moment in time happened, where I would become disappointed. Too scared. Too afraid of what was. I felt reality's full force. All its fierce flames and its endless meaning.

I no longer could accept my future would be being an apple tree. I felt my branches had fallen off and my apples were rotten on the ground. All my hopes and dreams faded into darkness in that second. Into the space between the supposedly giant balls of burning gas, my mind was lost. I was a dead tree's stump in a great wasteland where nothing was alive. I was null and void. I was minute. Smaller than the smallest speck of dirt on the new glass of the roof window. Against these giant balls of burning gas the size of dots against the deep, ongoing, pure black of space. I was insignificant...

And so, it had happened... So, I reacted, I ran down the attic stairs, across the landing past the door of room, I did a hair-pin turn like a frantic rally car on a tight muddy track, down the stairs again I ran, I reached the bottom and without losing any momentum I took a quick right into the brightness of the front room. My mum was there, stood hands on her skirt, warming her arse by the fire. I had slowed

down by now and was pacing slowly towards her, under the headache inducing light. It was then I bent my neck back, looking up at her face, a formidable five foot and half an inch off the ground. She looked back down at me. Her pale face, no make up, pointing down at me, crushing her chin in two. She looked as she had seen a ghost... “Mum! Its all too big! I can’t cope!” I said. “What is?” She replied, her voice quivering. “Everything. Everything is.”

## Beans or Tomatoes

I must hide. My imagination becomes real when I get ill. For shame, I sometimes choose a miserable existence. In theory things must get better from this sad old place. In action, the theory fails magnificently when I get more and more comfortable with my delusions. I feel bad.

## Autumn Feelings

I feel like a crispy autumn leaf.



## Someone

I saw a photo of someone and I want to smoke a  
cigarette with her,  
just her, just because...

Well because... She looked lonely as me, she was a  
pea in a bowl trapped under cling film, I was a  
glimpse – an image, a moment in time, seemingly  
screaming alone in an unspent void!

I don't even smoke anymore.

Take a seat, I'll be your chair for this evening.  
Tired, it won't be long before you're leaving.  
Take some heat, I'm highly strung tonight.  
Giving off warmth, you might, just might, just might  
pluck my branches until tomorrow afternoon. So let's  
fight!

\*\*\*

Tomorrow afternoon, we can play and have a sight of  
the sea, draw the rocks on the beach, weigh up  
options, how much balance does it take to say thanks  
for being a snapshot.

Lass, you move differently to how I guessed, but you  
leave me shaking, dissecting truth from my words,  
you are everything I need. Of course you might never  
know if the mirrors aren't set up well. If the angles  
are wrong and the camera isn't set.

## Mud

Everything I do just muddies the pond (what pond?).

The pond I worked so hard on and that took so long  
to create!

The candles don't burn any more and everyday I wait  
to be bound (to what?).

Bound to some unknown solemn fate.

I don't know where these sentences are from or what  
they mean but I suffer.

Rise above the noise. Madness. Listen.

## Depression

\*inaudible scream\*

The place is cold and empty.

Lying on the floor with six white bowls, in them remnants of rice or a partial crust of toast. I can't speak. I have no intention to. All the complements I give are thoughts.

Instead I give you a shiver or a tear.

## Cat

The first time I saw you.

Your face said bring down the monarchy. It said we could live in a world of equality where we need not worry about war. It said disarm all nuclear weapons and spread joy to the disadvantaged. It said meow.

You were a cat.

## Things I Feel Like Tonight

A long drought in winter.

A fly trapped between two panes of glass.

An unlit fire.

A ghost of a forgotten person.

A sea lion.

A very vivid memory of a lampshade.

## Emotional Pain

It felt like I was getting stabbed by invisible daggers through the heart whilst gently having my throat slashed last night.

If anyone says to me ever that emotions are all in the mind I will proceed to call them a fool.

## Three Certain Things

Three things are certain in life:

1. uncertainty
2. death
3. change

Could sound depressing that but turn it around...

1. I've always loved surprises, big or small.
2. Everyone dies one day and no one knows what happens next. Thinking about death is like pressing fast forward on your favourite music.
3. Sure, life can be shit, but change is the biggest thing in the universe! Change has always been there, and will go on for ever. Did a god or spirit create the universe? Maybe but before that there was change. Change will always be around. May as well embrace it!

I don't know. If, but, and... do.

What's going on? I don't know. Why? I don't know.

If change is infinite yet we experience stuff. Then perhaps stuff that we've experienced can be experienced again. Maybe from a different perspective. Uncertainty is a doorway to infinite possibilities. What's going on? I don't know. Why? I don't know.

But I like to think that infinity is about experience but also something beyond that. I currently experience things with this body and mind, in mostly

similar places (all physical things). If you remember the possibility of infinite possibilities, it is maybe possible that once this physical experience is over, (Perhaps our visible universe dies and restarts a few times or something) maybe they'll be something different to experience, something less painful, or something more painful. It's all speculation. I honestly have no answers. Who knows?

I'm probably complicating things.

The idea is simple. Change is about cause and effect, a process, present as the laws of physics are now. But even change itself is subject to change. Whose to say when we're all dead the laws of physics won't eventually change? They've changed since the very early universe according to the large hadron collider (or so I am led to believe).

Whatever you think. Accept you thought it. Accept that eventually, it might be of no consequence. Things change. Things are destroyed and created all the time. Why? Can any living thing really know? Even the smartest brains are only a limited size after all.

Speaking for myself. It's important to respect other's right to think and believe what they want and like. I'm very cautious and careful about so many things. Just, in life I seem to have too much 'faith' in what could possibly be. I don't fear death, nor do I understand it. However, I do want to enjoy life in the present at the same time, and a lot of my caution is preprogrammed (genetics/upbringing/instinct). I'm not a risk taker. That could change though.



## “What”

Ok but tomorrow I'm reading how to melt cacao butter.

They all look the sane she said about your drawings.

It's act one, still, in a play of actors and animals. At night and backwards, a colour-blind unripe banana looks towards you as you seem to be jumping on a deer, my dear. It's a protest, acting your rage in front of two loud helicopters. Average salary is three sticks of celery and a hairy smokescreen. The windows are closed and the curtains shut, there's a what? And it doesn't look all that. Good Kazoo Solo and his wife look at tired imitation. Depressed on my chest is a chest of jewels and brass thinklets melting into a drip of squirrels. Building a fence is Kazoo and he's using hockey sticks on a hockey stick ocean. Blurting and blubbering noises come from a helicopter and you are winched up inside a giant orange. The magic bus stop potion is ready as you fly off over the ocean. The rhymes stop, and the lizard flies its flirty eyes at your misdemeanour. It has reached the end and daylight breaks the glass hockey stick ocean and Kazoo is tired.

## Spinning

My mind was spun.

Faster and faster it was pushed, a mad oscillation. It learnt too young, too quickly. Turning anti clockwise, a jarring, silent tick.

Too soon this top did wobble, like an unstable blur. As life became clearer. I became thick.

Slowing, unsynchronised and spiralling from it's source. You've won a window. Why not take your pick?

\*\*\*

Do you ever notice that people paint their problems on others they desperately want to relate to?

## In the Town of Briar Bush

In the town of Briar Bush there were two districts, 'what is' and 'what isn't'. There was no death in Briar Bush nor was there any life. Before Briar Bush was built, there was the great source. The great source was never mentioned in Briar Bush for it had no effect on the ongoing existence of the town. Officially inhabitants of Briar Bush were all women. Of course Briar Bush had its secrets, rumours of a man were true in parts of 'what isn't'. This spelt disaster for town, this man was to be downfall for Briar Bush...

## Light Hearted

Every time I let out a sigh,  
I begin to see little birds fly.  
Yet, I can catch one if I move quick.  
Or is it about choosing one to pick?  
Too late! My chance has gone.  
Now there is night where the sun shone.  
If they were dozing by day and sleeping at nightfall...  
I'd just pick one up and then I'd walk tall.  
But no, awake, and with wings they fly.  
Every time I let out a sigh

## Behind a stare

What goes on behind a stare?  
I don't know but it's hardly fair,  
To blame me for your lousy mood.  
I just can't help looking at you.  
What can I do to cheer you up?  
Should I smile at you as I look?  
It occurs to me that you are free.  
So help me see what puzzles thee.  
Once I knew a girl whose hair was curled.  
Kind and smiled like she owned the world.  
But she only made me bitter and twisted.  
Like an ale mixed with lemons or something...

## Write: Wrong or Left

Write: wrong or left.

Wrong or left. I wrote.

The ramblings of a so called addled brain.

Controlled by medication not to go insane.

You have good looks and knowledge deep.

Counts for nothing when you're asleep.

Certain that there's no perfection. Things seem mundane.

In the absence of this, there's a aroma so sweet.  
These things from the void light up his face. The light,  
the everlasting glow. The love, the fountain of  
original gifts.

So remember Miss, when he approaches the  
lamppost, he cannot decide which way to walk  
around.

He's stood, just waiting.

## Cân Gymreig

Cofio (beth yw) coginio.

Arnofio (dim mwy).

Cyn y nghysgod cawl pysgod.

Gwelwch! Oh! Gwelwch yn dda!

Gweld dwbl, gyda fi.

Pysgod chwythu gysan!

Coginio dim mwy.

Llysieuol. Llysieuol. Llysieuol. Llysieuol.

Warchod dim mwy.

## Gerogia

Georgia was on the train. She had been sitting thinking about a conversation she'd had years ago, with a young man named Sajid. Rather than reliving the conversation she actually had, she was thinking about what she should've said.

The train stopped at a small village. A street with a few shops and the lush gardens of what was a vicarage were in view. There were some young children, each with a handful of worms, placing them in a small pile on the ground.

A house in the village with candles in the window and ivy growing over it then exploded. This made Georgia remember she had been dancing a long forgotten dance, in a green dress she had bought from the charity shop.

In the train there was a cold chill, blowing slightly through the window. Georgia was thinking about a couple that were getting married, in a large spherical building. They each said their vows quietly and picked up frogs off the floor.

Her thoughts suddenly came alive, Sajid was there in front of her holding a long golden ribbon. 'I've got this for your hair,' he said. She quickly wondered if they would get married, then soon dismissed that thought.

Getting restless with her mind, she asked a man sitting opposite if he had the time. He looked at his watch, and said 'no.' So she looked out the window. Several rabbits were eating lettuce in a field. Then as the train moved along, a few women with axes were



felling a tree.

‘Trees have been falling all along this line recently,’ murmured the man sitting opposite. ‘The trees perceive gold dust caverns, \*cough\* \*cough\* where no one can breathe. Only through windows of silver frames do the rabbits eat lettuce!’

Moving to another seat Georgia knocked over a cup of coffee, it melted the table it was on. She got to another seat and pondered ponds. Ponds as deep as the oceans, teeming with life. A fish jumped from the pond and landed on her table.

‘Hello,’ said the child opposite. ‘I noticed you have a fish on your table, is it yours?’ he asked. His voice was raspy, also sounding like he had just seen a ghost. He was shaking vigorously like he was frightened.

‘No, it somehow jumped out of my thoughts.’ replied Georgia thinking that she rather should have said “yes”. Georgia now had a headache and did not want to hear the quivering child speak again.

‘What’s that mean... how?’ queried the child. The child was old, he had seen many winters and lived a long time. How he managed to be a child, only a man who lived in a far away, in a hut, beneath the mountains knew.

In a pleasant voice the fish spoke. ‘The seas are rising. So I rose with them, converting my gills into lungs along the way. I am Georgia’s, yes, however far I can flop about.’ The fish then played a tune on the trumpet sitting next the child.

\*\*\*

Rice red obstacle is an object of mighty intrigue. It has legendary status among all peoples and animals. It belonged to a wealthy landowner called Hafunda. It was growing, never ceasing, always surprising. 'What ever next?' he mumbled.

A flip-flop tree house flew across a far yonder lake creating habitats for lost animals when it landed in the middle. 'Oh. That's what was next!' screamed Hafunda while he had his leg amputated.

Hafunda sat in his cottage with his rice red obstacle, as there was a knock at the door. He answered it. 'Erm... hello,' sounded Georgia all hush-hush. 'I've just been on the train, can I see it... can I see rice red obstacle?'

'Of course,' hummed Hafunda. 'Please enter my humble abode.' Georgia walked in \*clomp\* \*clomp\*. She looked around her, and to her surprise she was in a field of mint. The letters, O, f, c, o, u, r, s, and e, floated out of Hafunda's mouth.

The letter's fell to the ground and made a path towards the rice red obstacle. Hafunda knelt down and started eating the cake-like path, garnishing it with mint he offered some to Georgia. She frowned... then she smiled... then she refused.

Sajid appeared in front of them. He was covered in soil from the planet below him. He stared at her for 12 minutes 34 seconds, she stared back, and tilted her head to show the ribbon he had got her.

'I've got a sickening carpet at home, would you like to see it?' finally uttered Sajid. 'The wallpaper isn't very nice either.' His faced suddenly morphed into lion's head. It roared out loud and afterwards softly spoke. 'Why am I in a field of mint?'

Whooshing by, a small white ball was flying through the air, Hafunda caught it, and it was in two halves so he separated it. Inside were three tiny people, two of which were picking up even tinier frogs. 'That's my thought,' thought Georgia.

It was in this field they encountered The Saurus, the word-helping dinosaur. 'Hello Sajid-lion, how are you keeping, conserving, preserving, redeeming, sustaining?' The Sarus looked at Sajid-lion and raised one eyebrow.

'Quite happy eating this leg,' said Sajid-lion eating Hafunda's amputated leg. 'Though, there is cake for all. Maybe that's what I should be eating.' Sajid, suddenly scared by what he was doing, flew off on a smelly vehicle made of mint.

Georgia ran through the field, faster and faster towards the rice red obstacle. However far she ran she could not catch up with it. Not that it was moving at all. It was merely unreachable. Georgia slowed down and stopped.

She turned back to Hafunda and The Saurus and asked to leave the field. She turned around and walked back out through the door, and into the road outside. There was Sajid who accompanied her down the spiral road that leads to nowhere.

\*\*\*

A long time ago, Ejersy and Szerig journeyed along the Elkside. The Elkside was an organ of an ancient creature that most people who knew of it, feared. This creature was there in the beginning, no, long before that.

Then there was a nuclear explosion. It blew away houses, trees, mountains and the elderly. All the people that existed were no more. A few worms survived but they were soon to die of worm cancer. Before that however, they would create wormholes!

It was three years since the disaster, the Elkside looked different now. 'Bingo!' Said Georgia. She looked around. It was a barren landscape with nothing in sight apart from Sajid. The air smelt like cats.

'Where are we?' Questioned Sajid. Unluckily for him and Georgia, the isotope the bomb used had a half-life of 4.2 billion years. If they didn't get out of here quick they would start mutating and die.

Fortunately Georgia had undergone an accident at a particle accelerator and had several heavy ions sent into her body at near the speed of light and thus had learnt to control quarks and gluons with her mind to create a stable Unupentium force field.

Together they walked on soon to encounter an evil being that had mutated from a common earthworm. Georgia threw a piece of rubble at the worm. It hit the worm causing it to fall backwards through a wormhole it created.

The skies darkened and an eerie chill surrounded them. 'I am so scared. I feel as frail as a leaf

quivering away on a tree. I never thought a snowflake like me would have been able to go on such an adventure.' Mumbled Georgia.

Hand in hand they wandered about, not a noise in sight however then there was a loud crack, which transported them to Abergwaun, Cymru. 'Rwyn gallu clywed cryndod yn dy lais. Gosh! I didn't know I spoke Cymraeg.' Said Sajid.

An elongated circular shadow passed over. Suddenly there was a break in the clouds the shadow turned into the shape of a large bear, possibly a panda. This was left unnoticed as Georgia and Sajid went to Y Pantri for some gingerbread men.

They stayed the night at Hamilton backpackers. This was an enchanting cottage in a dark street in the town. Hafunda, crutches and all, was waiting for them here. 'Come, fly away on my giant ladybirds.' Muttered he.

The ladybirds took Georgia, Sajid and Hafunda to Cantref-y-Gwaelod a land of sixteen cities. All the cities were deserted now the land had been reclaimed and raised up from the sea.

'Why have you taken us here?' Asked Sajid. As two great waves crashed onto the beach, washing up food and drinking water. A dragon flew down from the upper reaches of the sky and danced an ancient dance.

\*\*\*

After the entertainment from the dragon, and the food and drink from the waves, they walked up to the

city above. Buildings of many shapes were there. It was as though they entered a silvery twilight that knew no greatness or downfall.

A great towering inferno increased in space and time started getting faster, slowing down and getting faster again. The dragon, which was a dragon of the sea, put out the fire. Slowly bubbles started to fall from the sky in different colours.

Increasingly other factors joined the equation, obviously erroneous events such as a harvest mouse jokingly referred to in this case by Hafunda as “pen carth bochdew” built a house of bricks. Bricks from where? Who can say.

‘Hello.’ Said Who. Who was a ghostly face that kept his domain in the sky. ‘Twas I, Who, that made the bricks for the harvest mouse.’ Who then disappeared from the sky.

The next day, gravity decided to have a day off. They floated around like peas in an empty pan with no gravity. Hafunda shouted to Sajid. ‘Why not!’ Sajid thought he and the place he loved might fall into a black hole and be lost forever.

Georgia gave Sajid a reassuring hug, then set about breakdancing on the floor. The ground gave way from under her. It had turned to quicksand. Georgia escaped easily enough. Sajid broke into song. ‘We’re living in a world of quicksand...’

They woke early, the rising sun waved a friendly hello. The clouds were all different bright colours and interesting shapes. There, in the sky was a cleaner falling at a rapid pace. Breathless, the three

people fled from the vacuum.

‘By Jove it’s a wall!’ Cried Hafunda in a childish voice. Indeed there was a wall there. It was an old crumbly wall. Then and there it fell down. It revealed a tiny forest of bonsai trees.

Sajid, Georgia and Hafunda journeyed through the forest, which was inhabited by friendly creatures, which guarded the fish of the surrounding oceans. The day was hot, rainbow sweat poured down the traveller’s faces.

By now it was night, the fireflies glowed in the distance. There was a mosaic of a fish on the floor, lit only by moonlight, which was quite bright in these parts. Cosmic rays blew a gap in the mosaic and created a burning ring of fire.

Out of the fire rose some techno music, expressed as something you could see. The bass was pulsating away distorting the trees around it, the moog was a cool blue haze that seemed to be dancing with the fire.

Then out of blue came a mighty monster. It was the kind that smoked a pipe and played a hurdy gurdy. The three danced to the techno folk hybrid until Sajid broke his ankle. The pain was so great that he felt perfectly at one with the universe.

\*\*\*

Sajid looked down at his ankle, he noticed it was not broken but ants had bit him several times. The bites spelled out a message. It read “Hello there, Universe.” He ignored this because he had a more important

matter at hand. Ghost fish transistor.

In his hand was ghost fish transistor, a device that could open a tunnel from Cantref-y-Gwaelod back to Wales. Before he could use the device a yellow fellow appeared. Sajid then got a cold shiver down his spine like he had never felt before.

Georgia looked deeply into the yellow fellow's eyes, while the yellow fellow himself proceeded to get eaten by the hurdy gurdy playing monster. A loud scream went up as Hafunda realised his shoelaces were undone.

A turkey with a jug of rhubarb juice appeared; it made some noises before producing an eel from its beak. This was an electric eel that triggered ghost fish transistor and opened the tunnel back to Wales.

Small lights glowed at the end of the tunnel; this was a blue light that spiralled out of the entrance. Hafunda vanished. 'Step aboard the light train.' a voice announced. The light train was a train made of light.

The two companions ventured forth onto the light train and started playing cards. The planet then started to reverse its rotation so the sun started to set in the east from where it rose.

Two bees flew in through a window of the light train. Hafunda reappeared and said. 'Hey, Lucky, I've got this fully functioning miniature beehive.' Lucky was one of the bee's names.

'Buzz.' Fuzzed Lucky as he and his pal flew into Hafunda's beehive. The beehive lit up flashing



different colours, sparks like fireworks came from the top of the little bee box. As though the bees were having a celebration inside.

Three cats came along, and ate all the bees, 'That's some good bees.' They thought in unison. Suddenly haunting violins started playing in the background. Our heroes had reached their destination, Fishguard.

After stepping off the light train down by the harbour, they noticed it was raining. This endless rain, pittered and pattered down on their foreheads as they looked up a giant rainbow in the sky. His voice hushed Hafunda spoke; 'Glowing orange the apples fall down, all around people flock compass and map around, the world points the way to our prey, the chops and cuts of our film, heat, red flame, white flame, blue skies bright.'

Then the rain stopped, trees shook in the wind, Georgia's teeth chattered in the crisp, cold daylight. 'Back on land, over time, over lords, ladies and baroness' a voice in my head goes round a round, messes, forever, messes.

\*\*\*

The adventurers looked out to see, the sea was rough, and on it bobbing up and down on the waves was a little rubber duck. Sajid's voice went low. 'Today was my unlucky day, some bees got in the way when I was about to, talk.'

Under fluffy white clouds they lay, Georgia's spirit floated far away and Hafunda spilt his tea. Following that slight delay, Hafunda then began to pay, before dancing and going to say. 'Georgia your spirit's



## Erglethon

My name is Erglethon the third, I live in a small spacecraft off the coast of Habletonia. This is not a flying spacecraft. It is stationed in the sea. I live with octopus' and small creatures such as fish. They swim between my toes and are never sick on me. Unless you count Trellip who got fin rot. There are several positive things happening around you at all times. The fish they swim to the beat of slow electronic music that is helping them relax. Fish need relaxation, from feeding and swimming about. Those things can really tire them out. The spaceship is a mass of metal and plastics. It's pollution powers the imagination of the fish. The fish swim in all sorts of patterns for my amusement. They are different colours.

One day I was looking at one fish in particular. His name was Trellip. He has fin rot, but he copes. He swims around a bit and sometimes looks at the giant orange sea cloud called Jeff. Jeff was often mistaken for a hat but didn't mind. In fact, he took it to be a complement! He liked hats, he did. There was a sea volcano nearby called the mighty Petekoa mountain. It kept Trellip company when things weren't going his way. Which in all truth be known wasn't very often. Trellip was an awfully happy fish.

### The Lucky 13

Handling a garden fork with uneven tines is like speaking with your mouth closed. Four candles burn bright behind your eyes, giving you a golden glow of uncertain silence. The work gets done on a cold, cold night. Glistening is: A large undercoated silver wall; ready for the shining paint. Painting the wall screaming 'Please garment and I quit' is one way for the glowing fork walls to reach their destination. As this jazz piano tune rings in my ear, everything stops. Silliness in stillness in silence.

\*\*\*

Synthia had started a band, she wanted to play organised music, you know... with an organ. Soon the notes started to flow; through the letter box. 'Turn that noise down' they said. Well, Synthia didn't like this at all. She arranged the musicians into two groups, shouting to one: Start! Stop! Start! Slow down! Stop! Once they started playing she shouted to the other: Start! Stop! Start! Stop! Somehow eventually the music fell into place, in perfect synchrony with each other.

\*\*\*

I'll take the next train, I don't wanna be your friend anymore, I'll see you eat foie gras and nothing else – those damn ducks and clucks, they know what's been going down... I'll show you the road, mad hat, crab rat. I've never seen you looking as luscious as you do with that little... Oh well it was worth it. Banned hands get sharper by hour, no colours and his primary friend, a grey overhung juice, with its small,

small crashed up nerve. I'll see you never again,  
never again without a hearse, the strange tailed  
faucet crowed.

\*\*\*

I have had a cat's eye face graft operation. The  
projectile plasmoids which were my eyes look like  
glass teardrops in the grey metal dish. My new  
opticals sit in their sockets like the soft silky voice of  
every tomorrow's wishful acquisitions. Two who are  
constant in their stillness capture my lust. In dusts  
speckled light shines a deep influx of noise. Broken  
up by, the two; short and tall, extrovert and introvert.  
The songs of time spoken through a coloured filter.

\*\*\*

Knowing only what has been before, the future still  
surprises them.  
She sees herself as a fly in an icecube brushed aside  
by the peripheral society where it sat. A long tube  
blown away by her mainstream sense of nowhere  
sang a song that lightened the nights gaze. Her eyes  
in the merged pillars of what turned out to be a  
weathered hazel tree. Offering nuts to the bolts that  
wrapped the front of a sound which turned to rust.  
Like her hair glistening in the snows pale reflection  
of lust. A handful of bee's acid like stings the night to  
perfection. In smoke water the burden of a few  
minutes of earth's grasping vines drips into dust as  
she utters a moment of silence.

\*\*\*

They feed off each other's misery like monkeys  
grooming. Their emotions burnt out, their tunnel

vision memories never fading away. A grasp of what death could mean. Is mean, as the time ticks away the night's dawn closes in. Through one way glass they see a reflection of themselves in each other. A couple embrace between double glazed windows. This bright image repeats itself on a screen shown to millions. The gaze of those sat watching wander into the eyes of their caring friends. All this as a man lops off both his arms. Taken for granted without knowledge of how this will affect them now and later.

\*\*\*

Being average is difficult because of the ability to aspire to things always out of reach. The easy options that evade the average are mean. If only the average could change their mode of thinking then the aforementioned would be less mean. The average is a mainstream view of: Capitalism isn't working. More isms are poured into the void left, right, and centre. The void is accessible via senses, every tomorrow. Imagining uncertainties is good because pondering the only certainty in life will get you nowhere but there: The void.

\*\*\*

I am a  $1 + 1 = 9$  type of guy; I see things where they are none. Single figures so very finite, invented expanse with multiple guides. Teaching ways of delusion, the ants sit in their farm. Like somehow barracks for unused numbers want to line upside down and back again. Nature's a spinning wheel so use the movement to your advantage, the sly digits clicked. Painted letters into words, and rearrange on the canvas; telling the world what they don't know,

that they have known for eternity: the past and previous Zen dance.

\*\*\*

Tiny fruit flies aim for my eyes. While a long ponderous moment is taking place, I feel death's own warm hand on my shoulder. At least I think it is death, maybe it's you, it is you, and you've come to kill me. So I smile at you and you walk away. You walk back to your lonely trail in life, music and love. While I wonder on, fixated with death, in a crowd of one person where the clocks don't tick. I cannot stand the sound of a ticking clock. The clock ticks on and I realise I am also alone in life, music and love. Happiness in loneliness, this is the time where our paths have crossed, never to meet again. The same direction we walk together, apart we stride towards our goals.

\*\*\*

The ignorant are insulting perhaps one of my dearest friends behind her back. While I collapse into myself, I shed a tear for the whole of the world, in sadness, stillness and for the water effect lollipop sticks in the slalom race. The water runs back and forth, up and down for a long time. Maybe an hour or so later, a red telephone box appears by the side of a winding road with a red Royal Mail van driving along it. I then go on an epic adventure and rest at a friend's house and eat ring shaped potato snacks. So salty!

\*\*\*

She said I should put my hair in a cake. I think something was lost in translation as a small bird

blew a hole in the window too. 'I think she had the flu.' Said the Veterinary. Who flew out of the room to take an emergency call. Some people were walking in circles with a purpose in the next room. The slow dancers danced and terrific cries were heard from the surrounding area.

'Give me eyes and ears, feelings to feel.' Said the sphere, inside a sphere that could speak. A donut shaped life will not see it, when it happens. For its eyes are on the outside. Only the dudes looking inside will see the mirror that shows them the real outside. Like wood with potential to be carved the people read into obsession and ill health.

\*\*\*

An ostrich seed dropped from the plant bearing life for the creatures that lived below. We stood there basically asleep to all the sensory delights of the world. He gave a clip 'round the ear, to the fishes that swim ignorantly. It tried to be the religion that gave itself up when the truth came along and contradicted its own teachings. A pointless pencil drew the universe while three sheep jumped the gate. A crowd of people and animals gathered around and peered down upon the scriptures.

\*\*\*

Blown noses and slide mucus. I crashed the plane when I sneezed, said the man in green shoes. So much sadness, a whole history erased with a lingering blink of an eye. A spectrum of colour turned to greyscale with a gherkin placed carefully onto a large generic electronic item. It is the worst possible start to the second half of the second where my life changed. 'Four cats are with me' or 'mae



pedair cath gyda fi': you decide. A panda bear, never  
swears he never cares when he doesn't share.

## Please Stop Ticking Clock

I began, at last, to see what I could do. With a silent, meaningless, incomprehensible, unreachable god; with no text to pass on or preach, the impossible is at my fingertips. Imagination bubbled up inside of me, like a spring out of the ground. Or, an ever uncoiling helix uncompressing new ideas constantly. Yet, my fingers felt numb; dead, almost.

Realisation of a resting god?

Tick!

I will sleep you off your feet. My words are streaming down your face, dripping onto your toes. You look down and they are clear. I.e. they have no colour. They are totally transparent. You don't mind though, because it's not really you.

Day-dreaming of a sexy ghost, who is a long way away?

Tick!

'A man crying is not to be sniffed at.' Said the ambiguously gendered voice. 'Unless you are crying too; or have a common cold; then you can sniff. The rules never can be concise' continued the argument. 'Only my infinite length rulebook opens the door to a world of true justice.'

Be confused by some bullshit on an advertisement?

Tick!

Lonely weather, your friends are out of reach across

space. There is only one of you. Yet you are so varied and changeable like a wheel travelling over a landscape. Sometimes anger compels me to think I am alone, but compared with you I am not. I am not as angry either. Although, I can feel your rage on hot days.

One sided conversation with a force of nature?

Tick!

We choose children to play games with the lives of the population. Then they try to be so precise with the truth; giving one solution to questions where the answer lies with a wide spectrum. No longer are their leaflets full of joyful ideas, they just poke holes in their enemies. Finding fault where they can.

Doom mongering the political present and future.

Tick!

A single look at the golden girl. A drawing seen of walls; all twirled. I touch your face and I cry; then starve. There's no doubt that you want to be free. Look at me; I don't look free to you? I sure hope not. I'm locked inside a box of books. Not reading a single one. See your face and I cry: 'Stop to look.'

Type to the beat of the music to see what comes out?

Tick!

He knew that he could survive through understanding of a non-religious personal god. The states of universal consciousness which rock quantum suicide. My finger exists here and now on

my keyboard but doesn't exist here and now on my keyboard in other ways such as the future of your final destination. So when my life interpretation machine called my brain dies will I live on in other states of reality?

Wishing I was clever enough to work out or understand some interesting things?

Tick!

The gaps between the very smallest things are perhaps filled by copies of themselves from different histories. Unable to be detected with our three dimensional instruments because they are incompatible. Seemingly invisible these gaps are too dark. Sometimes in my field of view a tiny spot appears so bright yet so small. It's probably a problem with my retina or brain; still, it provides me with the inspiration to wonder.

Thinking about holes and gaps – not mentioning the worms!?

Tick!

Why do I do things I do? For you? Is it only you? All of you? Or just you. Mr U knows that his name can be confusing. 'Me?' People say. 'No, U' he says. 'How do you spell your name?' They reply. 'U' he says. 'No, you don't understand, look, just write it down.' It could of been Yew, Yu, Yiw, or Ewe but no, it was U. Must be crazy having a name like Horseshoe thought Mr U. Get it?

Noticing shapes in letters?

Tick!

O to be tubby is to be fat. I'm 15 and half stone and losing weight fast. I aspire to continue the trend. For once, there is a light, a far away light. Is this the white light of death? Or is it the green light of hope? I'm colour blind, but surely I'll find out soon enough. Another year before I go back to a place I have been but not like this, not like how I felt before. Back then it felt as though I wasn't there not even really knowing what to wear. In the future my mindset will have changed, I'll think do I care? Well, I do, somewhere.

Token 'personals' ad?

Tick!

As the blood drips from my nose, she can see me bleeding and unusually she can feel it. I move her hand from under my nose, placing it to my palm. I notice her look over my shoulder, I don't turn to look because she doesn't look concerned. It is man who slowly enters into the room in a sharp suit. Not that I know this yet but I did earlier when I cut my nose on his suit.

Is it enough to dream what others can see?

Tick!

I'll write sixteen love songs for you. It's just that I'd never let you know. Some days I look around, head held high, wondering why? Oh, why? I never told you. Then I realised, 'I have pride in my depression damn it! It's my big squeeze hug teddy bear. Except it doesn't have the warm fuzzy feeling.' Blame me if I draw you in then disappoint to change the way you

want. I'm as stubborn as a mule and end up just using you.

Things that disappoint me about myself?

Tick!

Thinking fast into the future. I don't know what counts as the present anymore, it seems like nothing much happens there, so I just sit and think about the future, and sometimes the past. When I think about the future it is now through rose-tinted glasses. While the past is a regret.

This is the present. This, is the present.

## A play (unfinished):

Wanted:

A nice outlandish wrist watch

—scene one—

*Noo Yolk, Upstate Pembrokeshire*

*Midsummer's Day*

*2000 Hours (8pm, not two thousand hours...)*

*In a field of sound, and grass, Smáhestur is sat with Nobbily Clive, a man with a notably unusual beard. The sun was low in the sky, a few clouds were in the sky but the weather was fine.*

Nobbily Clive:

Some time ago a man named Hákon Sigurðsson was spotted with paint across his upper body dancing foolishly on the north eastern plains. Smáhestur, I want you to find him and extract as much wisdom as possible from him and write it down.

*Smáhestur stretches out her arms and adjusts her posture.*

Smáhestur:

Was this also the man whose lopi sweater was found used as a flag far over beyond the frosty hills of Dilmah's archipelago across the causeway of many dooms to the hill overlooking the entrance to the depolarisation chasm?

Nobbily Clive:

Perhaps it was. Perhaps indeed... He certainly wasn't sweating when we found him, it was a cold day and he probably could have done with a suitable over garment. A lopi sweater would suited him down to the ground, with its water resistant and yet warm fleece-like fibres. There is a chance the sweater in question was his.

Smáhestur:

The depolarisation chasm has never knowingly been entered. Do you think Hákon could have somehow entered the chasm and returned to dance on the north eastern plains?

Nobbily Clive:

That certainly is a possibility.

Smáhestur:

Then I will set off towards the north eastern plains immediately.

Nobbily Clive:

You must not. Please, please, make haste to beyond the frosty hills of Dilmah's archipelago across the causeway of many dooms to the hill overlooking the entrance to the depolarisation chasm to retrieve the lopi sweater. We can then examine it to see if it truly belonged to Hákon... Besides that, it will keep you warm.

Smáhestur:



It's a 5 day journey by boat to the archipelago. When will I see you again?

*Nobbily Clive ponders this for some time.*

Nobbily Clive:

You will see me when you next fall asleep.

Smáhestur:

Huh?

Nobbily Clive:

I'm just kidding you, this isn't a dream... yet.

Smáhestur:

OK...

Nobbily Clive:

Sorry.

Smáhestur:

Nevermind... I will find a fisherman at the port and persuade him to sail me to the archipelago.

Nobbily Clive:

If you hurry you might find Safish in the tavern there. He has a lot of knowledge of the seas around the archipelago. He also knows some of the fishermen around there. Here, take this bottle of 'Brennivín' and this bag of coins. Take care

Smáhestur.

Smáhestur:

Thank you.

*Smáhestur packs up her belongings and provisions for the first part of the journey and makes her way down towards the tavern at the port.*

—End of scene one—

—scene two—

*The Mushroom Tavern, Quayside*

*The tavern is a little more than empty, the grey walls with their grey decoration of grey pictures of the grey sea do little to brighten the scene. The Landlord is stood in silence with a local fisherman, Safish. Until...*

Landlord:

Ahahahaha!

Safish:

What's wrong? Is it me, or you?

Landlord:

No, it's nothing. You wouldn't find it funny anyway...

Safish:

Why not? Go on, tell me!

Landlord:

Ok, well, the wife was writing a letter to the brewery and signed it; 'Lardlord and Landlady'!

Safish:

That's not very nice, did she mean it? I mean, you're not fat.

Lardlord:

Well she said it was a typing error. I thought to myself; 'perhaps she wants rid of me' or 'she's having an affair' but then I thought; 'why should I be so paranoid?' she's the wife for crying out loud.

Safish:

Yeah, just take it one day at a time. Before my Ólöf died; we used to sail around the sea just the two of us, there was no reason to get paranoid about her running off but I did. I think sometimes the best option is to laugh or just smile.

*The Lardlord smiles.*

Lardlord:

I suppose that's what it's all about.

Safish:

Yeah, well, the secret to always having a smile close to hand is...

*Safish is distracted by the noise of shouting people approaching the door, he looks toward the window (which happens to be grey) which is clattering in the wind.*

hold up you've got customers!

Lardlord:

Customers... yes – you're right, customers truly are the secret to smiling!

Safish:

The winds are getting up – in more ways than one you might not want to know. I must check on my boat. Please excuse my absence.

*Safish leaves the Tavern.*

*Identical twins Sindri and Gylfi burst through the door with loud voices and big smiles.*

Sindri:

Mine's a pint of your best please Landlord.

Gylfi:

Mines... Mine's a deep shaft partially surrounded by a vessel suitable to drink beverages from which includes your very best alcoholic drink filled to the brim please.

Sindri:

What? Oh, haha! You're on form tonight, I'll give you that.

Landlord:

Here you go gentlemen. Cold out there is it?

Gylfi and Sindri reply at the same time:

Yes.

Gylfi:

The wind travels fast and the temper bites.

Landlord:

Well, I heard there was a fire breathing dragon seen from afar o'er the snow capped mountain they call the star reaching peak in the lands between here and the southern coast. The local militia are giving it a free reign and hoping it moves on.

Sindri:

Crikey! I was planning a sail around the archipelago there off the south coast. Maybe it'll be gone before I set off in two weeks time. Gylfi, your beard is in my drink.

Gylfi:

Is it? Oh aye, it should be gone by then if they leave it alone. A lingering dragon spells danger for your trip my friend. As you know I saw a dragon kill 'six and one or half a dozen and the other' people whilst on my travels in the far north east. It had settled a by a small village killing livestock for food. The farmers were so angry they placed snares and an elaborate trap. The dragon didn't fall foul; it simply killed the farmers and burnt the village. It stayed in the area to remind those onlookers of its power for many years.

Sindri:

If only it'd burned off your beard, Gylfi. It is a right

bedraggled mess.

Gylfi:

Haha! My beard is made from iron mined by the short people of the west! It shall be a fixture on my face for as long as I live.

Landlord:

A likely story, it's just grey that's all. More drinks?

Gylfi and Sindri reply together:

Yes.

*Making hardly a noise Smáhestur carefully yet assertively steps into the Tavern.*

Smáhestur:

I am looking for a man named Safish. Is he here?

Landlord:

He has left not long ago to check on his boat.

Smáhestur:

Which boat is it? I require a favour from him.

Landlord:

It is called Alltígóðulagi, take care out there.

Sindri:

Take care.

Smáhestur:

Thank you.

—end of scene two—

—start of scene three—

*A very misted over, foggy location. Gravity isn't what it seems and the place is recognisable yet strangely different.*

Sveinbjörn:

Hahahahaha. Aahahahahahahaha. Mwahahahahaha. Pass the laughing gas, you ugly hulk of a creature. I feel unhappy and it's your fault.

Önnungur:

Uh, I shall honour your wish. Though there is not one season goes by where-in I am not angry that you summoned me here.

*Önnungur gives Sveinbjörn a dirty look but eventually passes him the laughing gas.*

Sveinbjörn:

I'll summon a troll from your rotting corpse one of these days if you don't shut up.

Önnungur:

Uh.

Sveinbjörn:

Did you hear that?

Önnungur:

Uh, I hear so many things I don't know which sound you are talking about.

Sveinbjörn:

Shush, listen, someone's walking towards us.

Mysterious Cloaked Figure:

I have travelled far to find you. O great Svein. I am called Nobbily Clive and soon I will be in possession of a knitted relic of wondrous origin and tremendous power.

Sveinbjörn:

How does this involve me? May I ask... Am I of the understanding that you want me to wield such a relic?

Nobbily Clive:

Indeed. Your foresight impresses me. The knitted relic is currently being used as a flag near the entrance to the depolarisation chasm. I have sent someone to find it for us. You will be able to find her wearing it outside the chasm.

Sveinbjörn:

Wearing it, as in wielding it?



Nobbily Clive:

Well, it'll keep her as warm as you would be if you were wielding such a powerfully warming relic. She won't be able to resist it's temptation.

Sveinbjörn:

You are a bit strange, aren't you Clive?

Nobbily Clive:

Yes.

Önnungur:

Uh, He does have a point though. It does get cold around here, and you could do with a new 'look'.

Sveinbjörn:

Did I order you to speak, minion?

Önnungur:

Uh, No.

Nobbily Clive:

Your giant friend is right... Your style is awful.

Sveinbjörn:

I need my anaesthetic. First however I shall kill you for insulting me. You insolent waste of space!

—end of scene three—

—start of scene four—

*Smáhestur wakes up suddenly with a sharp intake of breath. She seems to be in a cabin of small sea vessel. It is night, yet the room is well lit with candles. On the floor there is a sword, a dish of smelling salts and a plateful of nuts. After picking up the smelling salts and eating the nuts she exits the cabin to find Safish standing there.*

Smáhestur:

Hello, do you know how I got here?

Safish:

Yes. You were unconscious on the Quayside, it was windy and cold, so I carried you aboard my boat.

Smáhestur:

I had a bag, where is it?

*Safish points to a bag by his feet.*

Oh, well, thank you. What is your name?

Safish:

My name is Safish.

Smáhestur:

Aha! I was seeking you. I believe we have a mutual friend; Nobbily Clive.

Safish:

A man I am greatly indebted to.

Smáhestur:

Why is that?

Safish:

He saved my life.

Smáhestur:

Well, I saved his life once. It seems like boasting now, yet at the time, it felt like nothing.

Safish:

Okay, well, what were you seeking me for?

Smáhestur:

I need to go to the hill overlooking the depolarisation chasm. Do you know where that is?

Safish:

I know the vague direction of it.

Smáhestur:

Good, although I don't know how fast your vessel is, I would estimate that it will take 2 weeks.

Safish:

If the wind is with us, your guess could be spot on!

Smáhestur:

Sweet. Let's go!

Safish:

Okay! Do you know how to sail?

Smáhestur:

Yes.

Safish:

Good. Can you help me sort out the sails?

*Smáhestur has a distant look in eyes, noticing a flock of pigeons is on the horizon but she can't quite make them out.*

Smáhestur:

No, I want to get more rest.

Safish:

That is understandable. Here is your bag.

*Safish passes Smáhestur her bag.*

Smáhestur:

Thanks.

*Smáhestur walks back to the cabin but before she enters she notices a robin hopping along the top of the mast's boom. She smiles at it, expecting to fly off. Instead it speaks one word. 'Doom'. Unmoved Smáhestur goes inside the cabin and lies on a hammock.*

—end of scene four—

—start of scene five—

*In the place that is recognisable yet strangely different.  
Sveinbjörn is wiping what looks like blood off his staff.*

Sveinbjörn:

Well that was quite gruesome.

Önnungur:

Indeed. I am sorry though.

Sveinbjörn:

Sorry? That's not even the start of it!

Önnungur:

I only got a bit of it on your staff, the rest went on the food.

Sveinbjörn:

Aaarrgh.

Önnungur:

You made me jump though, that's why I got tomato sauce on your staff.

Sveinbjörn:

I sneezed because that oaf Clive threw pepper at my nose and then he got away! Why didn't you stop him?

Önnungur:

You didn't tell me to.

Sveinbjörn:

I'll have you doing my laundry for the next three years now.

Önnungur:

Oh no you won't.

Sveinbjörn:

What!?

Önnungur:

I said, oh no you won't.

Sveinbjörn:

How dare you disobey me! How can you disobey me? I summoned you here from the dark realm to be my loyal servant. You are bound by the power of magic!

Önnungur:

Maybe so, but you don't know who I am yet, do you?

Sveinbjörn:

Okay, who are you?

Önnungur:

I am not your servant. I am not Önnungur the allegiant! My name is Hákon Sigurðsson!

*Sveinbjörn reaches for his staff and shouts an enchantment, there is a flash of light but it has no effect on Hákon.*

Hákon:

You'll find that your power is no longer with you.  
Your knowledge is leaving you and your magic is no longer effective.

*Hákon turns his back to Sveinbjörn and walks towards a startling white light that has appeared.*

—end of scene five—

—start of scene six—

*Smáhestur wakes up with the sun in her eyes. She leaves the cabin and find Safish who seem shocked.*

Safish:

You're awake!

Smáhestur:

And what of it? Did I lie in?

Safish:

Just a bit! You've been asleep for a week!

Smáhestur:

Blimey. I've never done that before.

Safish:

I was worried!

Smáhestur:

I am worried! A week you say?

Safish:

Yes.

Smáhestur:

I feel fine.

Safish:

Good.

Smáhestur:

What's that?

*Safish looks around to see what Smáhestur means.  
Flying towards them is a huge dragon.*

Safish:

It's a dragon!

Smáhestur:

Stay calm, we must stay inside the cabin and it might ignore us.

Safish:

Good idea.



*As Safish and Smáhestur enter the cabin, the dragon soon flies overhead grabbing the mast in its massive claws. With three almighty flaps of its wings the dragon removes the mast clean from the boat splitting the boat in two.*

Smáhestur:

Quick! Set up the life-raft!

Safish:

Okay! Jump on!

*Safish and Smáhestur get on the life-raft and watch the boat sink. With just a bag and a bottle of 'Brennivín' as supplies. The dragon flies away. They paddle the raft towards the shore.*

—end of scene six—

—start of scene seven—

Hope you enjoyed it!











